

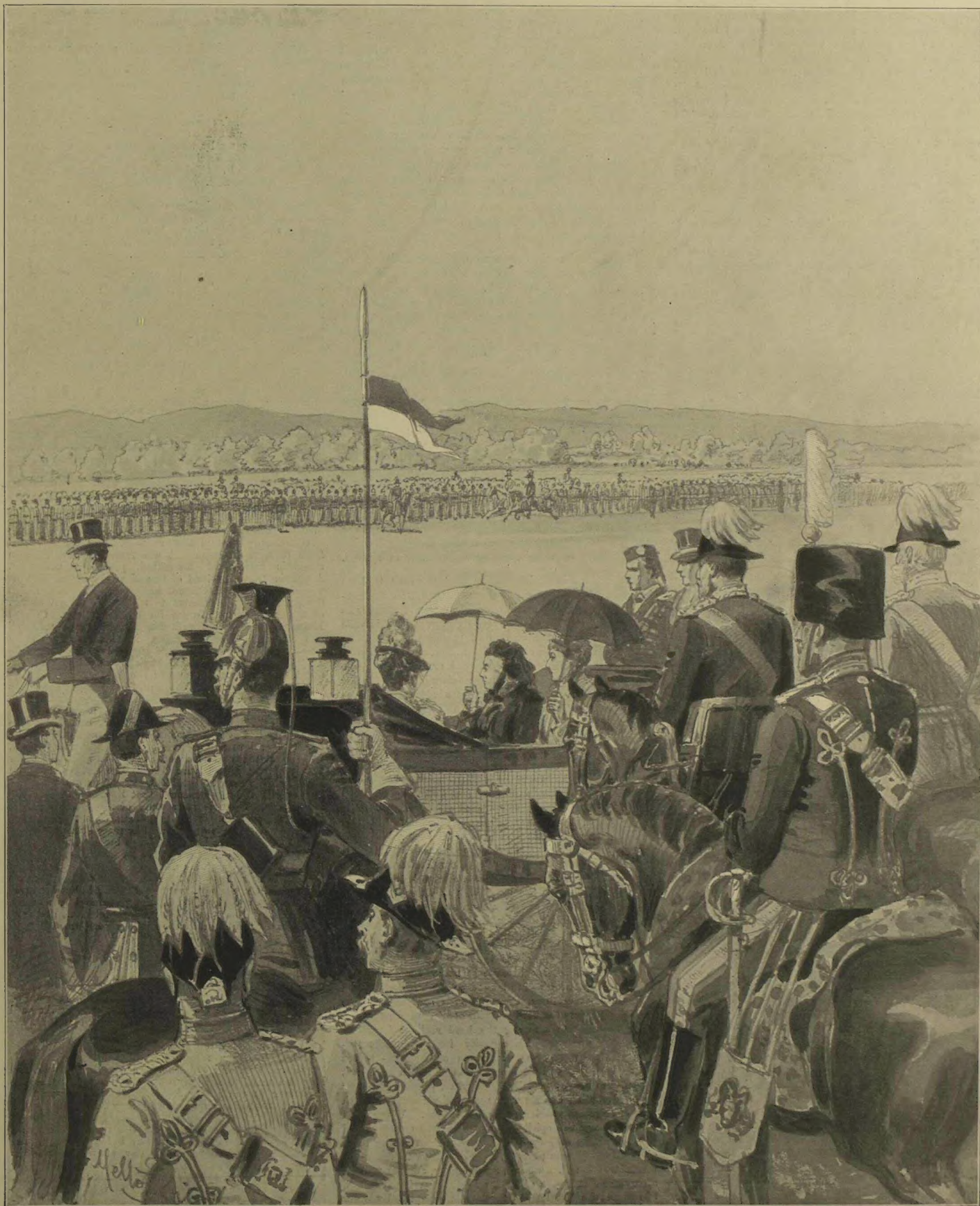
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.



THE QUEEN'S REVIEW AT ALDERSHOT: THE GENERAL SALUTE.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Melton Prior.

Prince of Wales.

Duke of York.

Duke of Cambridge.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

This is the time of year when the writing-man turns out his old boating costume from the bottom of a drawer, and smiles with marked sweetness upon his friends who possess house-boats, or any kind of shanty, even the most primitive, up the river. I know the writing-man is upon this quest by looking through my contemporaries, who, with significant accord, take to praising the Thames just now, with dark allusions to the inferiority of alien rivers. One gentleman, discoursing upon this theme, complains of the way the backwaters are haunted by punters who, instead of working manfully at the pole, recline in the shade under "the willows of somebody's eyes." Rather a pretty idea, though I trust the willows of those superlative eyelashes are not of the weeping variety. There is a touch of bitterness, however, in this poetry. The writer shows too clearly that he is only a spectator: the willowed eyes are not for him. Probably he has gone down a narrow backwater, and by a trifling accident with a scull disturbed the repose of the fortunate punter who is sheltered by umbrageous loveliness. Or, as he turns his old boating costume out of the drawer, he remembers with a pang a certain backwater where he quarrelled irreparably with the willows. The upper reaches of the Thames are strewn with these memories. Likely enough, the very place which should be consecrated by this undering of hearts is occupied by the punter who shows resentment at the passing scull. Or a soda-water bottle and other traces of a heartless picnic defile the spot!

I speak, of course, from hearsay and conjecture, with just a little, perhaps, of divining sympathy. This enables me to see more in the steam-launch than meets the eye of the wrathful scribe who says the steam-launch is the curse of the Upper Thames. It is a trial, no doubt, to the punter behind the willows, who finds himself and his precious charge violently oscillating in the wash of the monster that goes snorting by. He looks fiercely up, and perceives a dozen men grinning at him from the receding launch, which is also laden with baskets and bottles. Some of the men are playing cards; others are chaunting a reckless stave. "Brutes!" ejaculates the punter. Does he never think that the merriment on the launch is a little forced, that the card-players are not really interested in the game, that care has not been drowned in those bottles, that the song has an echo of despair? Depend upon it, that launch-party is full of tragedy. In happier days every one of those men used to punt, and to gaze into willowed eyes. Now he is bankrupt of illusion: he consorts with others in a like condition; they cannot keep away from the scenes that were brightest, and so they hire a steam-launch and haunt the river, like Vanderdecken!

In the musings of my contemporaries I find a good deal about the duties of riparian owners, but no mention of one civic duty which cries aloud, though no man heedeth. Has it never crossed your mind as you paddled idly down stream past a fair expanse of lawn blazing with flowers, hammocks slung in the trees, with visions of white muslin in them, a house shining with hospitality, and a riparian owner, genial, florid, slightly bald, taking a siesta in a cane-bottomed chair—has it never crossed your mind that you ought to land deliberately on this worthy man's property, cross the lawn, rouse him with a gentle exclamation, and claim the rights of fellowship? "Sir," you might say, "you may be disposed to treat this as a wanton intrusion; but don't be hasty. At your house in town I should not dream of invading your privacy; but here the free air, the flowing stream, your smiling lawn, so admirably kept—all invite me to address you as man to man. We are not precisely equals. I have not your wealth of garden-rollers, but I have a heart of gold. Moreover, I am a writer for the Press, and I have remarked that the Press has not yet done justice to the riparian owner on his domestic side. You are supposed, Sir, by the prejudiced to have a cold disdain for the public weal. My divining sympathy tells me this is unjust. Indeed, I have a little article in my pocket which I should like to read to those charming girls in hammocks. It will thrill their gentle bosoms with the thought that their father is at last to be put right with a mistrustful world!"

Here is the cruel glamour of the Thames to a sensitive mind. In its placid summer indolence, in the whispering mystery of its trees, you forget conventions, rights of property, and Thames Conservancy regulations. You wish to remind the possessor of the delightful lawn, the lord over gardeners, the parent of beauty in white muslin, that all men are brothers. Nature seems so paramount that in the presence of that truly detestable bird, the swan, you feel that life is insecure, that out of the backwoods on the hill alarming beasts may startle the echoes with thirsty roars, rush down to the river to drink, and snap you up as an incidental mouthful. I never look at the swan without recalling the man in Mr. Wells's story who inadvertently slept on the egg of a prehistoric fowl, hatched it, and produced a creature which made itself most unpleasant when it grew up. The swan has no manners; it bites the hand that feeds it; it is stupidly vain; it is possessed by the absurd notion that you want

to steal its young; and its customary greeting is an angry hiss. Above all, it is perfectly insensible to the supremacy of man. Thoroughly uncivilised, the swan completes the primeval illusion of the river, and you want to land on that charming lawn to concert measures of self-protection as did the pioneers in the wilderness. And to think that even the swan is only a minion of the Thames Conservancy, and that this river is no more primeval than Regent Street!

Rugby has taken to itself a statue of Tom Hughes, so happily described by Mr. Goschen as "a great schoolboy." A schoolboy Tom Hughes remained all his life. He never ceased to be the Tom Brown of those famous "School-days" which delighted all the boys of at least one generation. In Parliament his speeches had a naïveté which astonished his fellow-members not a little. They respected him, but they could never believe that he was quite grown up. To his simple nature the world presented no difficulties or perplexities. Statesmen talked of the Eastern Question as if it were insoluble. Tom Hughes was ready to solve it out of hand. Let us convert the Turks to Christianity, and the whole problem would disappear. When he unfolded this scheme, people smiled a little, and secretly envied his optimism; for he was one of those rare optimists at whom the world does not gibe. It may be a paradox, but the time gives it proof, that the multiplication of Christian States does not make for the Millennium: witness certain proceedings at the Hague. The Persian delegate who told the Conference how he fell off his horse at St. Petersburg, how not a man of the Russian army moved to his assistance, and how that proved the greatness of the Czar, would be just the same kind of delegate if the Shah of Persia were a member of the Church of England.

If Tom Hughes never grew up to the complexity of life, his state was far more gracious than that of François Coppée. M. Coppée used to be a most agreeable man of letters. He wrote very good verse, and excellent stories. To all appearance, if a little idealistic, as becomes a poet, he was a sane observer of his fellow-men. Suddenly he lapses into a childishness which levels him, intellectually and morally, to the demented malice of "Gyp." He addresses public meetings, and informs them that England, Switzerland, and Germany are in league to shield a traitor against whom forty-seven French judges can find no evidence. M. Coppée's talent remains; but his understanding, never very robust, perhaps, is gone. It is astonishing how many clever people have no brains. M. Coppée can still write a beautiful tale; but he has no more sense than a blackbird. The author of "Tom Brown's School-days" lived within the mental horizon of a public school all his life; but no human being was the worse for his limitations. Besides, it is more rational to propose the conversion of the Turks to Christianity than to spread among Frenchmen the notion that the laws of evidence have been invented by the enemies of France.

The International Women's Congress seems to have alarmed one of its professed sympathisers. After enumerating the remarkable changes in the position of women, he asks for a pronouncement by the Congress on this vital question: "With the decline of romance, does woman remain as capable as ever of deep affection?" Suppose the Congress should ignore this appeal, or, smiling, put the question by, will the gentleman who raises it be still further troubled in his mind? I write these lines before the deliberations of the Congress are known; but I cannot imagine a high court of ladies putting upon its agenda the point whether deep affection still wells in its bosom. Some things must be taken for granted even by women; some primitive instincts, we may reasonably hope, will escape the destructive analysis of the feminine mind. If I were a member of the Women's Congress (paralysing hypothesis!) I should not pay man the compliment of discussing whether I were still capable of a deep affection for him. The conceited monster would be sure to say that such a discussion was a proof of his supremacy in woman's thoughts. Besides, whenever the subject of the affections has been raised in the feminine forum, it has always betrayed some advanced ladies into the error of protesting too much. You can never root out of a man's mind the idea that when woman calls him odious, she means this as a term of endearment.

But what is all this about the "decline of romance"? It seems to imply that because so many women have to work for a livelihood and to take responsibilities undreamed of by their foremothers, their romantic sensibilities have evaporated before the hard realities of life. Well, commonplace man has been facing the hard realities for many generations, and yet his capacity for romance is undiminished. Otherwise our poets and story-tellers would be selling boot-laces. The English are not supposed to be an especially imaginative people; but they go on dreaming dreams with unabated vigour, the tough fibre of economic problems notwithstanding. Why should women change this spirit—even women who are organised to demand the suffrage? The development among them of a real "anti-man party" might be a blow to romance; but Miss Susan B. Anthony, aged eighty, assures us that after some sixty years of labour in America for the cause of woman, she has heard of "no such party." Bless her heart!

A LOOK ROUND.

When lawn-tennis practically drove croquet "out of the field," it was confidently thought that "the game for effeminate" had passed away for ever. The newer game was presently discovered to be too vigorous for garden-parties where fond mothers wished their daughters to appear unruffled in the presence of eligibles. Frequently, in consequence, one heard that lawn-tennis was on the wane. To-day, however, both games are in vigorous health. No croquet championship ever met with greater success than that held this year, and won, singularly enough, by an old champion, B. C. Eveleigh, playing as "Bonham Carter." Of the lawn-tennis championships just concluded, the same thing may be said, and tournaments are being supported more strongly than ever. The brothers Doherty have followed in the footsteps of those Dromios of lawn-tennis, the Renshaws and the Baddeleys. R. F. is champion for the third year in succession, and with his brother, H. L., he on Tuesday won the Doubles, as in 1897 and 1898. Mrs. Hillyard has regained the ladies' championship.

Australia's total of 533, though against no stronger county than Derbyshire, was calculated to give them plenty of confidence at Leeds, especially when combined with thoughts of a favourable draw and a decisive win as the result of the previous test matches.

A. E. J. Collins's career should be watched. A youth who makes—even in a Clifton College house match—628 runs, and follows it up by taking seven wickets for 33 runs, must be a good cricketer. At any rate, we have the examples of E. F. S. Tylecote, W. N. Roe, and others to warrant the assertion.

Oxford and Cambridge play their annual match at Lord's at the beginning of next week; Henley will attract society immediately after. A return visit to Lord's will be paid on July 14 for the Eton and Harrow match; and then follow Goodwood and Cowes.

Once more Coquelin the elder has appeared in London as Cyrano de Bergerac—at the Adelphi, in place of Sarah Bernhardt's Hamlet. The self-sacrificing lover with the revolting nose has for the second time been forced into the stage-world. The play has not been a success here, except of esteem. The success of "Cyrano de Bergerac" in Paris was a success personal to Coquelin. Having heard that Cyrano as played by Coquelin was an enormous triumph, all the leading actors in London tumbled over one another's heels to secure it. Sir Henry Irving succeeded in obtaining the prize. It would have been about as bad a bargain for him as "Madame Sans Gêne" turned out to be. Better counsels prevailed, and Wyndham once more was saddled with the romantic hero with the nose. If Charles Wyndham is well advised he will leave the play alone, nose and all. It is not a great play or anything like a great play. When Wyndham opens his new and beautiful theatre, let him take an English work in which he is bound to succeed, not a French one which is involved in risk!

If there is one play of the last half-century that clings to the memory it is "Leah," connected with the name and fame of Miss Bateman. It was founded on a German romantic legend of Mosenthal, poet and dramatist. Augustin Daly got hold of it, and gave a very creditable version of it to old Colonel Bateman for the sake of his daughter Kate, who wanted to star. Benjamin Webster, of the Adelphi, was eager for a star actress. Colonel Bateman came along with his daughter and "Leah" and Augustin Daly's version in his pocket. John Oxenford, of the Times, was engaged to touch up the Daly play for the Adelphi, though it was admirable as it stood. The play was produced; it coined money, and Miss Bateman earned a small fortune for her father. Here was a case of a good play that suited a temperament. Kate Bateman had all the attributes that a Jewish Leah required—pride, humility, passion, trust, and vindictiveness. She had Jewish blood in her veins, and was an ideal Leah. Her love was absorbing; her curse was terrible. But she was firm as adamant, steady as a rock. The new young actress, Miss Nance O'Neil, who essayed Leah on Tuesday afternoon at the Shaftesbury, has every quality and exactly the temperament that Leah the Jewess does not require. There is not a trace of the Eastern nature in her composition. With her, calmness, statuesqueness, repose, are out of the question. She races about the stage, tears her hair, waves her arms, flings herself into theatrical attitudes; has no tenderness in her love, no savagery in her hate. She is exactly what Leah should not be. But why go back to Miss Bateman! Ristori, one of the greatest actresses of the century, has played Deborah, but her reading of it was severely classical, not picturesquely modern. Miss Nance O'Neil should leave Mosenthal alone and take to Sardou. She should follow the repertoire of Fanny Davenport, not that of Ristori or Kate Bateman. It would be interesting to see her in another character. Meanwhile let us give a warm welcome to McKee Rankin, who has not been seen in this country since the Olympic days of "The Danites."

Diamond Jubilee does not look like proving the good horse that his brother Persimmon did, and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales must have been greatly disappointed at his performance in the rich July Stakes on Tuesday at Newmarket. Like many of the sons of the handsome St. Simon, Diamond Jubilee has a very bad temper, and he put himself completely out of court by his fractious behaviour at the post. A horse must be very unruly indeed to unship an experienced jockey like J. Watts, but that is what the Prince's colt managed to do, with the result that he had no chance in the race, and came in last. Some slight compensation, but not much, was afforded to H.R.H. later in the day, when Muscovado, a son of Prince Hampton and Unrefined, came in first for the Maiden Plate. He had to meet a fairly moderate field, but he won like a great racehorse and with ease, so that he may turn out the more reliable of the pair. The blood-stock sales proved a great source of attraction.

SCENES IN KOWLOON CITY.

Photographs by C. W. May.

The British flag now waves over the walls of Kowloon city, and that *fait accompli* means a great deal more than the mere addition of a few miles of territory to the British Empire. Its importance consists in the fact that it will

along the base of the hills, with no space for extension; and the new ground will certainly become a suburb, and perhaps in time a rival to the older town. Should docks be required, they can be made in Kowloon Bay; if our

naval authorities should determine to have a graving-dock in the Eastern seas—and the late increased political importance the region has acquired may render this a necessity—Kowloon Bay will provide a proper and convenient site for it. Looking to the geographical position, and with an eye to the probable course to which events are leading, there is every chance that this newly acquired territory will become our

was managed from there being three outer doors opening to the Yamen; the central and larger door being the honourable one; so the foreigner was made to enter by one of the side doors, thus treating him as if he were a person



ONE OF THE CITY STREETS.

provide for the safety of Hong-Kong and the mercantile marine at that port. The position of Kowloon also insures the command of the eastern passage to the harbour of Hong-Kong, which it has been long known would be in

principal naval and military dépôt in the Pacific. There may be no intention of anything of this kind at the moment, and the Peace Conference may render extensions of this character unnecessary, and it would be a blessing if this should be arrived at; but if things are to go on as they have done, the future of Hong-Kong, with Kowloon added to it, is here foreshadowed. It is considered by some that a position at the mouth of the Yangtse-Kiang, say at Woosung, near Shanghai, would have been a much

of no consequence. Of course the trick was soon discovered, and the centre door had to be opened for the "barbarian" to enter by. Our Illustrations, which are taken from recent photographs, afford some curious



THE EASTERN GATE: WELSH FUSILIER SENTRIES AND OLD CHINESE GUN.

danger if an enemy had possession of the ground we have now occupied. It may be at the same time looked upon as a welcome addition to Hong-Kong, for the town of Victoria, commonly known as "Hong-Kong," is crowded



KOWLOON CITY FROM THE PIER.

better place for us to have held than Wei-Hai-Wei, as it would have ensured our acknowledged mercantile supremacy upon the great river of China. Although we have not secured a point on the Yangtse-Kiang, the ground now occupied at Kowloon will make up for it. If that is converted into a strong naval and military post it would be a daring enemy that would venture up the Yangtse-Kiang in time of war. The word "Yamen," which occurs in the title of one of our Illustrations, is now pretty well known,

but there may be some to whom it is as good as "Greek." The word merely indicates an official building, such as a court-house, or structure where Government business is conducted. In our early intercourse with Chinese officials, it is related that when an interview was granted to an officer of rank, a very simple method was used to make the "foreign barbarian" appear small to the populace. This

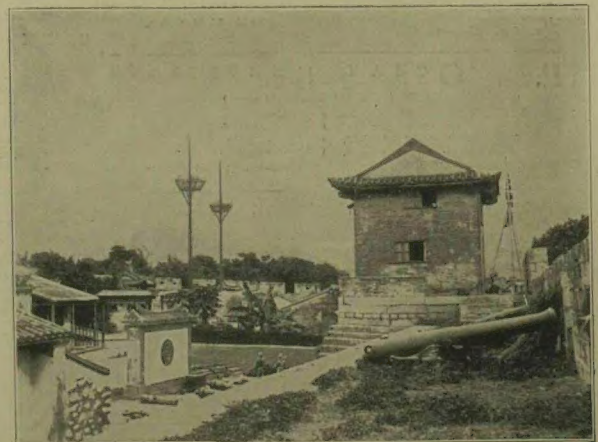


THE BRITISH FLAG HOISTED ON THE WALLS.

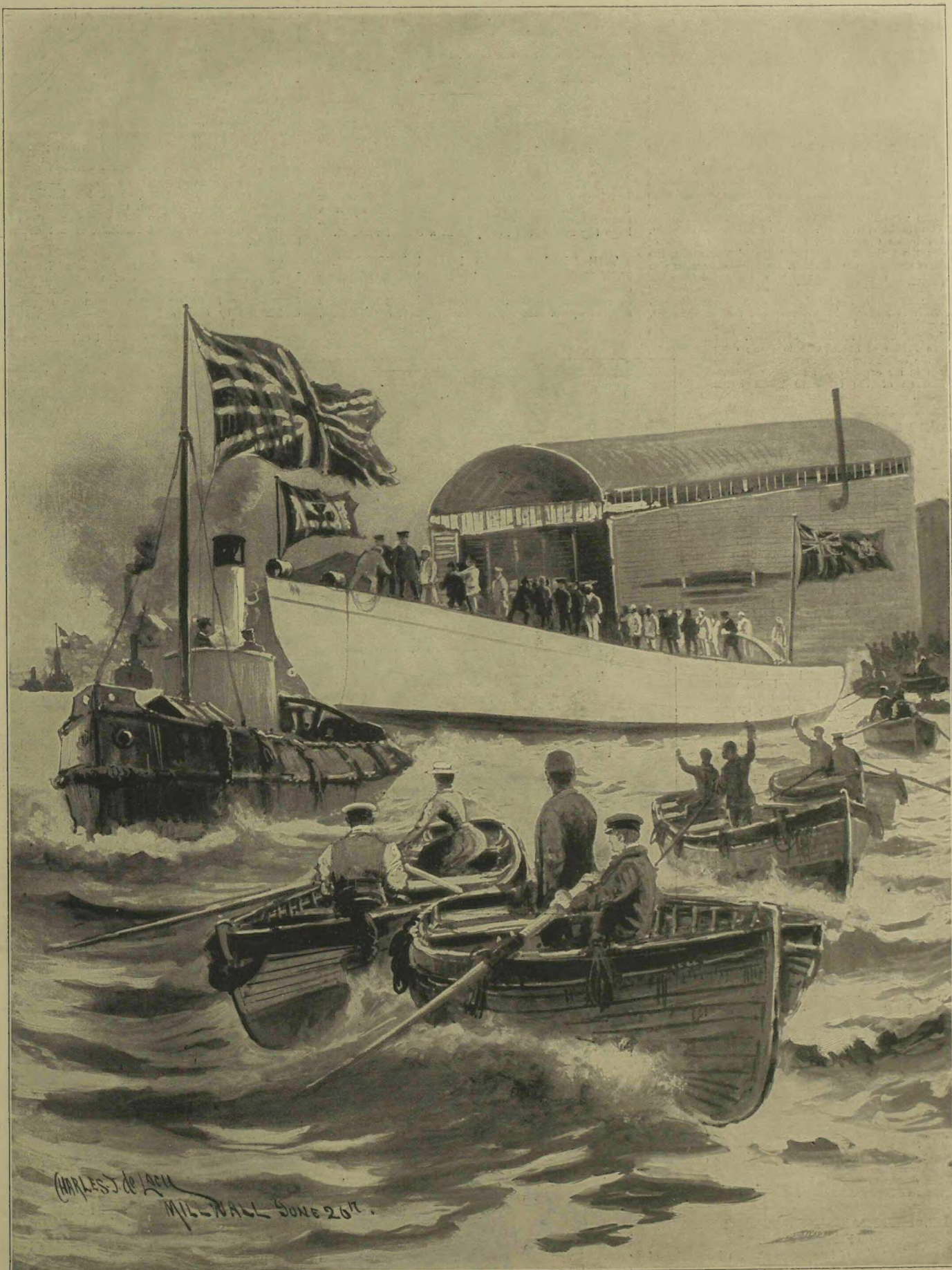
contrasts and show how the hand of Western progress has already made its mark on our most recent acquisition in the Celestial empire. The old Chinese ordnance of the citadel, for example, contrasts significantly with the smart and deadly Maxim guns of the Welsh Fusiliers.



VIEW FROM THE WALLS OF THE CITADEL.



INSIDE THE WALLED CITY OF KOWLOON; MANDARIN POLES AND YAMEN TO THE LEFT, GUARD-HOUSE TO THE RIGHT.



LAUNCH OF SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S YACHT, THE "SHAMROCK," AT MILLWALL.

The "Shamrock" is to compete with the "Columbia" for the America Cup.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

REVIEW OF TROOPS AT ALDERSHOT.

The Queen visited Aldershot on Monday, and reviewed the troops under Sir Redvers Buller's command. At the moment there were stationed in the district some 18,000 men, a number which included a variety of units, principally cavalry, who were halted at Aldershot while en route to Salisbury Plain for the summer drills and manoeuvres. It was necessary to compress the review, so that it could be brought to a conclusion within two hours, and to effect this the aggregate total of troops which took part in the display was cut down to 14,680. Her Majesty arrived on the review ground at half-past five, by which time the troops had been formed in a long scintillating and sun-illuminated line, extending across the entire extent of Laffan's Plain—a lawn-like expanse which, unlike any other in the Aldershot terrain, retains its verdure all the year round. With the Queen were Princess Christian and the Duchess of Connaught; while in another carriage were Princesses Victoria and Margaret Patricia of Connaught, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and Princess Clémentine of Belgium. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, and F.-M. Lord Wolsley were also present. The Queen was met as she alighted from her train at Farnborough station by the Commander-in-Chief and the members of the Headquarters Staff, Major-General Sir Redvers Buller and the members of the District Staff. The review occupied exactly two hours. Her Majesty afterwards returned to Windsor. The Crown Prince of Siam, who is doing duty with the Welsh Regiment, marched past the Queen in his capacity of an Acting Second-Lieutenant of the corps to which he is attached.

LAUNCH OF THE "SHAMROCK."

The launch of Sir Thomas Lipton's new yacht, the *Shamrock*, which is to contest the America Cup, took place at Millwall on Monday afternoon, and was an event of peculiar interest. Everyone is aware that the yacht has been built with the greatest secrecy, and not a few will remember the amusing incident which occurred some months ago, when it was reported that spies had been caught at Messrs. Thornycroft's yard. The alarm proved to be false, but there was no relaxing of vigilance on that account. When Messrs. Thornycroft had completed the building of the yacht in sections, the pieces were conveyed down the river to Millwall, where they were put together in a specially constructed shed. The launch was strictly private, only the workmen and Sir Thomas Lipton's guests being permitted to enter the yard. The majority of the party assembled at the Savoy Hotel, and after lunch were driven to Millwall by Lord Charles Beresford on his coach. The party was met by Sir Thomas Lipton, Mr. William Fife, jun. (designer of the yacht), Mr. Thornycroft (builder), the Hon. Charles Russell (solicitor to Sir Thomas Lipton and son of the Lord Chief Justice).

Arriving at three o'clock, Sir Thomas's guests at once proceeded to view the yacht; and at half-past three Lady Russell of Killowen, who was to perform the ceremony, was conducted to a small platform level with the bows of the *Shamrock*. Up to the last moment the river side of the shed remained partially boarded up, so as to hide the vessel; but when all was ready the barricade was pulled down, revealing the stern of the yacht, carefully curtained with sheets of canvas. At 3.40 the vessel left the ways, Lady Russell breaking a bottle of champagne over it, and saying: "I christen you the *Shamrock*. Good luck to you! May you bring back the cup!" The launch was perfectly successful, and the *Shamrock* was at once towed to the South Dock to be fitted with masts.

SOUTH AFRICAN PICTURES.

We are enabled this week to present an illustration of one of the most important ceremonies at the recent Bloemfontein Conference. It represents the reception given by President Steyn at the Orange Free State Presidency in Bloemfontein, and the moment chosen is that of the meeting between Sir Alfred Milner and President Kruger. Sir Alfred was among the later arrivals at the reception, and by that time most of the beauty, fashion, and distinction of the Orange Free State had gathered in the President's saloon. Our other illustrations are typical of scenes in Dutch South Africa. One represents the Landrost, or district overseer, setting forth on a shooting expedition. The other is a familiar incident in Boer farm life—the visit of the doctor to perform inoculation upon the African servants of the establishment.

MR. PRITCHARD-MORGAN'S SZECHUAN EXPEDITION.

We publish a series of interesting pictures illustrative of Mr. Pritchard-Morgan's expedition to Szechuan. Szechuan, the largest province in China, contains great mineral wealth and is capable of wonderful development. Mr. Pritchard-Morgan's exploration party is engaged in examining the district for gold, silver, copper, cinnabar, and other minerals. Mr. Archibald Little's house is now being used as the headquarters of Mr. Pritchard-Morgan's expedition. Our illustrations present various scenes of a voyage on the Upper Yangtse River,

particularly in the famous Ichang Gorges, where the rapids commence. The exploring party lived on a kwatse or house-boat, of which a good idea may be gained from our engravings. The boat is propelled by great oars or sweeps called yulochs. The "Red Boat," which we also illustrate, is one of the guard-boats used on official expeditions on the river. The passage of the rapids is made by towing, and so difficult is the operation that the progress does not exceed one mile per day. During this tedious passage the occupants of the house-boats often go ashore for shooting. Game is abundant.

BOURNE END REGATTA.

Bourne End Regatta, which began on June 19 and lasted till the 24th, reached its highest point of interest in the Queen's Challenge Cup race, which was sailed on June 23. This race, which confers the blue ribbon of the Upper Thames, was won by Mr. Foster Knowles's *Ulua*, *Caprice* and *Elsie* being second and third. The regatta was attended by a large and fashionable crowd. Our illustrations show the race for the Queen's Cup, the finish for the same race, and a teasing though amusing incident—the intrusion of a huge tug among the fleet just at a critical moment.

THE NEW FRENCH PRIME MINISTER.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau, who has formed the new Ministry of national integrity in France, is one of the most successful lawyers of his time. His practice is said to be worth £20,000 a year. He has long been a power in the Senate,



M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU, THE NEW FRENCH PREMIER.

where he made a strong speech against M. Dupuy's Bill for removing the Dreyfus revision from the Criminal Chamber to the united Chambers of the Court of Cassation. M. Waldeck-Rousseau has saved his Ministry, or rather it has been saved by M. Brisson, whose support may be said to have secured a vote of confidence by the narrow majority of twenty-six. The Ministerial declaration in the Chamber amounted to this—that no Frenchman could be allowed to be a law unto himself, and that the Army could not be allowed to dictate to the civil power. General de Gallifet has become War Minister to enforce the latter obvious truth, and M. Waldeck-Rousseau's circular to the prefects shows that he means to enforce the former. It is high time. The new Ministry has been assailed with abominable insults. The debate on the vote of confidence was a scream of fury from all the enemies of the Republic. Only a coalition of resolute men can save it.

A TOUR ROUND H.M.S. "VICTORY."

With the glorious *Victory* as centre the cyclist can make a pleasant tour in South Hants. Cosham and Wymering, pretty villages on the Portsdown slopes, twelve miles to the south of Petersfield, open fine views in their neighbourhood over the expanse of mingled water-spaces and flourishing, cultivated, well-inhabited lands, of which Portsmouth is the centre. On a low-lying point at the head of the spacious lake—it would, at least, be styled a "loch" in Scotland or a "lough" in Ireland—stand the remains of Porchester Castle. It was a Roman fortress originally—a *Portus*, connected with Chichester and Winchester by a military road; but the tower, still extant, is part of a Norman building. Two or three miles farther on is Fareham, a place now conveniently accessible from Southampton by a new line of railway, and likely to become a favourite residence.

FRANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

"Hope is dead, but the desire lives," exclaimed Petrarch, after it had become plain to him that Laura de Sades refused to go on "fooling" between Platonic disregard of the marriage laws and open rebellion against them. The majority of Parisians might echo the poet's utterance face to face with the new Laura of the War Office, General de Gallifet. Their desire to go on "fooling" with the dictates of law and justice is as strong as ever, but their hope of being allowed to do so is, at any rate at the moment of writing, if not dead, stunned out of semblance of life. They know that General de Gallifet will stand no nonsense from anyone, whether he belong to his own caste or to the civilian part of the population; hence the combined opposition to him under various pretexts. The Monarchists of all shades—Legitimists, Orleanists, and Bonapartists—profess to object to him on the ground of his having joined a Republican Administration, and, moreover, a Republican Administration two of whose members are, to say the least, advanced Radicals, if not downright Socialists.

The Radicals will have "none of him" for the part he played in the suppression of the Commune, their principal spokesman for the nonce, M. Henri Rochefort, conveniently forgetting that the man he supported a decade ago by hook and by crook—namely, General Boulanger, played a similar part. Be this as it may, these combined efforts may succeed in overthrowing him.

In spite of this prospect, both MM. Waldeck-Rousseau and de Gallifet are entitled to a notice at my pen, not for what they might have accomplished, or for what they may accomplish, "si Dieu leur prête vie," as La Fontaine has it in connection with the little fish, but for what they intended to accomplish. Curiously enough, these two men, apparently at the opposite poles of French political life, have, nevertheless, much in common. They are both exceedingly *autoritaire*: in plain English, arbitrary. It would be idle to pretend that both exercise their authority in a similar way. While M. de Gallifet is in that respect the charming patrician who, like Chesterfield, "could kick people down the stairs with more grace than others could invite them up," M. Waldeck-Rousseau, who is by no means a *parvenu*, is on that point the reverse. He receives people with less grace than others show them the door. At least, that was my impression of him when, some fourteen years ago, I came frequently into contact with him. He was the Minister of the Interior, I was the hard-working Paris Correspondent of a London daily, anxious—perhaps over-anxious—to do my duty by my employers. And I ought to add that the life of a French Minister of the Interior is, at the best, not a happy one. He is very much worried by Prefects, and, above all, by the French scribe. There is only one other official in France more worried by the Pressman than the Minister of the Interior, and that is the Director of the Comédie-Française.

Nevertheless, it is but fair to state that while M. Waldeck-Rousseau's predecessors and successors at the Place Beauvau "were a worried look," he always wore a placid one, even during his interviews with his chief henchman, M. Caméscasse, the then Prefect of Police. M. Waldeck-Rousseau let the others worry. Probably his placidity arose from his utter indifference to public opinion, and if he should survive the combination arrayed against him, that indifference may still stand him in good stead. The placidity arose from indifference, the indifference arose from his innate consciousness of being just, for to give M. Waldeck-Rousseau his due, he is a just man, insofar as it is possible for any French politician to be just.

How shall I sketch General de Gallifet in the small space that remains at my disposal? In one way he resembles Cyrano de Bergerac: he would sooner fight than eat. In spite of this, there is nothing of the Bobadil about him; but he loves danger for danger's sake. On the other hand, being the reverse of Cyrano facially, he has never sued in vain. There are no unrequited love episodes in his life, although his marriage was, perhaps, not altogether a happy one. Like M. Waldeck-Rousseau, he does not like the police, for M. de Gallifet was once, years ago, the victim of one of their mistakes at Mabilly, on the evening of the Grand Prix. The mistake was soon cleared up, but he has never forgotten it. Nor has he been so fortunate as Cyrano in going scot-free through his battles. At Puebla, he was grievously wounded by a shell. The material man was practically a wreck; not so the moral one, who dragged himself on his knees for something like four hundred yards to the camp, to the horror and astonishment of those who beheld him arrive there. M. de Gallifet is close upon seventy; more's the pity.

The orchestra of Signor Mori, which is such a feature of the Midland Grand Hotel dinner hour, has now secured the services of Chiti, a well-known Florentine solo violinist, who played before Queen Victoria when she was residing at the Villa Fabricotti at Florence.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Chamberlain's declaration, in an important speech at Birmingham last Monday, that the Cabinet is united in support of Sir Alfred Milner is a very plain hint to Mr. Kruger. It is the Colonial Secretary's opinion that nothing has ever been got out of the Transvaal Government except by the threat of force. Four times we have been on the verge of war because of the attempts of Mr. Kruger to violate the convention in spirit if not in the letter. The treatment of the Outlanders, who pay five-sixths of the Boer revenue, has grown steadily worse since 1890. There is only one remedy, and that is the concession of political power to the vast majority of the Transvaal population. Mr. Chamberlain might have added that the proposal of Sir Alfred Milner in regard to the franchise is more moderate than that of General Joubert, who cannot be accused of desiring to hand the Transvaal over to the foreigner.

Rear-Admiral Day Hott Bosanquet, who has just sailed for Colombo to relieve Admiral Douglas as

Commander-in-Chief of the East India Station, is a Justice of the Peace and Deputy-Lieutenant for the county of Hereford, and comes of a well-known family, originally Huguenots, which over two hundred years ago, on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, settled in England, where several of them have since made their mark. A younger son of the late Rev.

Robert Bosanquet, J.P., of Rock Hall, Northumberland,

Admiral Bosanquet entered the Royal Navy at the age of fourteen as a cadet, and saw war service the same year (1857), when he was in the *Essex* on the Canton River. He was present at the taking of Canton, and three years later of the Taku Forts, and obtained the China medal. After serving in various parts of the world, he became a Lieutenant in the royal yacht, whence he was promoted Commander, and served in that capacity in the *Raleigh* under Admiral Tryon. After being Captain of the *Opal* and the *Neptune*, he was for three years Inspecting Captain of Training-ships, and in 1897 was promoted Rear-Admiral, at the age of fifty-four, with forty years' service. In the United Service Institution last year, at the request of the Charity Organisation Society, he read a paper on the training of boys for the sea service, particularly the Mercantile Marine, which attracted considerable attention, and the subject has from time to time been under discussion ever since.

A prominent public man has been lost to the New Forest and District in the late Sir Edward Hulse, who died at his residence,

Breamore House, near Salisbury, on June 11. Born in London in 1809, he was the son of the fourth Baronet, and succeeded to the baronetcy in 1854. That year he married the only child of the Very Rev. H. P. Hamilton, Dean of Salisbury. Sir Edward took an active part in the duty which fell to him as a magistrate, and also was deeply interested in anything that could promote the welfare of the district of Hampshire in

which he resided and in the Salisbury portion of Wiltshire. He was a popular landlord, and did a great deal to brighten the lives of those among whom he lived. The Breamore Church Schools were built at his expense, also those of Godshill, New Forest, and others on his estate in Essex. The late Baronet was a schoolfellow of Mr. Gladstone.

The House of Lords does not often indulge in surprises, and the spectacle of Lord Salisbury deserted by his colleagues is sufficiently remarkable to be historic. The point was the inclusion of women as voters for the borough councils under the London Government Bill. This provision was defended by Lord Salisbury and denounced by the Lord Chancellor and the Duke of Devonshire. The Duke went so far as to reveal that the only members of the Cabinet in favour of this part of the Bill were the Prime Minister and Mr. Balfour. Of the sentiment of the House of Lords there can be no doubt, for the clause was thrown out on Monday by a majority of 114. In the Commons a sensational incident was provided by Mr. Whiteley, member for Stockport. In the debate on the second reading of the Clerical Tithes Bill, Mr. Whiteley declared that, although a Conservative, he could not tolerate a Government which sacrificed the towns to the agricultural interest. The Agricultural Rating Act put money into the pockets of the landlords, and the Tithe Bill proposed to put money into the pockets of the rural clergy. After that he could only resign his seat.

Mr. Arthur Dewar, who has been returned in the Radical interest to represent South Edinburgh in

Parliament, is a son of Mr. John Dewar, of Perth, the founder of the noted firm of distillers, and brother of the Lord Provost of Perth. Mr. Dewar received his early education at Perth Academy, and afterwards proceeded to Edinburgh University. In 1885 he was admitted an advocate to the Scottish Bar, where he has made for himself a considerable practice. Mr. Dewar defeated his opponent, Major-General A. E. Wauchop, who stood in the Unionist interest, by a majority of 831. Mr. Dewar comes into Parliament for the first time.

Prince Edward of York is a very small youngster still, but it is highly probable that he fully understands the future in store for him, so far as it has been decided. He is to be appointed to a commission in the 10th Hussars when he is old enough, and to follow a military career. This will endear him to at least one of his distinguished relatives, the German Emperor, who will probably make him honorary colonel of a Prussian regiment forthwith. Prince Edward already has a dignified military manner in public, and the gravity with which he lifts his small hand to the salute is delightful to see.

Among women nurses engaged in naval or military service no distinction is more envied than the decoration of the Royal Red Cross. One of the most recent members of the Naval Nursing Service to receive this distinction at the hands of her Majesty the Queen is Miss Isabella Smith.

Nurse Smith took part in the Benin Expedition, during which her courage and devotion to duty gained her the high appreciation of the whole staff. Nurse Smith is at present stationed at the Royal Naval Hospital at Haslar. It is only fitting that the services of war which make for the preservation of life should be rewarded and recognised as honourably as those which aim at destruction.

"Offensive, absurd, and comical costumes," is Lord Salisbury's latest description of the "rational" dresses which Englishwomen sometimes wear on the bicycle. These ladies will probably reply that they dress more or less like every woman who cycles in every country except our own, and that to be "offensive, absurd, and comical" in the eyes of Lord Salisbury is not to incur the odium of the entire human race. However, it may be taken for granted that public opinion in Great Britain is on Lord Salisbury's side in this matter, the example of foreign lady cyclists notwithstanding.

Mr. Arnold Robert Drummond-Hay, who died on May 30 last in the Upper Shire District, British Central Africa, from pneumonia, was the eldest son of Mr. Robert Drummond-Hay, H.B.M.'s Consul-General in Syria. The deceased represented the fourth generation of the Hay family who have served her Majesty under the Foreign Office in Africa. His grandfather was Political Agent in Morocco, and died while on a special mission to the Sultan. His grandfather, Sir John Hay Drummond-Hay, K.C.B., P.C., served her Majesty for forty years in Morocco with great satisfaction to the Government; and his father, Mr. Robert Drummond-Hay, spent sixteen years of his life in Foreign Office service in Morocco and Tunis. The deceased was born twenty-five years ago at Tangier, and was educated in Sweden and Scotland. His love of sport and adventure led him to join the pioneers

under Sir Harry Johnston in Nyassaland in 1895 when just of age.

The savage animosities excited by the Dreyfus case have invaded the peaceful town of Rennes, where Captain Dreyfus is to be tried by court-martial. Madame Dreyfus was unable to obtain a lodging at Rennes, every door being shut against her, until Madame Godard, a widow, placed her house at the disposal of a lady who is entitled to the highest respect.

There are two Parliamentary vacancies at Oldham. For one of them the Government candidate is Mr. Winston Churchill, eldest son of Lord Randolph Churchill. His platform manner is strongly reminiscent of his distinguished father, and much is expected of him. The other Unionist candidate is Mr. Mawdsley, one of the leading representatives of labour in Lancashire. The Opposition have strong local candidates, and there will be a vigorous contest.

Captain Andrew K. Bickford, Naval Aide-de-Camp to her Majesty the Queen, and Superintendent of Sheerness Dockyard, has been promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral. Captain Bickford was born in 1844, and attained the rank of Captain just forty years later.

He served in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, receiving the medal, the bronze star, and the third class of the Medjidieh. From 1882 to 1885 he served in China. Captain Bickford will be succeeded at Sheerness by Captain R. F. H. Henderson, who has also seen Egyptian service. He served in the campaign of 1882, for which he was decorated and mentioned in despatches.

There is a curious rumour that Lord Walseley is about to resign the post of Commander-in-Chief and retire to Hampton Court. This is exceedingly unlikely, but you can always keep going the rumour of a permanent official's resignation until, for some reason or other, he does resign.

General Giletta, an Italian, has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment and a heavy fine for espionage. He was suspected of taking notes of the fortifications round Nice, and was tried and convicted. Unluckily for him, the same charge was made against him a few years ago. As the trial was secret, nobody knows whether he is a regular spy employed by his Government, or whether he fell a victim to French susceptibilities, which are rather imaginative at present.

Mr. Philip Baudains, who was on June 13, by a large majority, elected Constable (Mayor) of St. Heliers, the capital of Jersey, for the ensuing three years, is sixty-three years of age and a leading member of the local Bar. His political career has been distinguished. Elected in 1881 Constable of St. Heliers, which office carries with it membership of the States of Jersey (the legislative assembly of the island), Mr. Baudains gave proof of such ability, both as an administrator and as a legislator, that he was unanimously re-elected on four consecutive occasions. In 1896 his health broke down under the strain of fifteen years' continuous occupation of office, and he was reluctantly compelled to decline re-election. A bronze bust of Mr. Baudains, erected by public subscription, was unveiled in 1897. Three months ago he re-entered public life as Deputy for St. Heliers in the States of Jersey, and has now returned to his old post.

A third daughter has been born to the Czar and Zarina. This monotonous of girls leaves the Russian crown still without an heir.

It may be taken for granted now that the outcome of the Peace Conference is the establishment of a Permanent Bureau of Arbitration. All the projects for the suspension of armaments have come to nought. The Russian proposals on this head encountered the opposition of the German delegates, who declared that under no conditions would Germany consent to any such scheme. They pointed out, moreover, that armament means a great deal more than troops and weapons. It means, among other things, the extension of railways; and without adding a man to the war establishment, a Power might greatly increase its resources by developing its railway system. Was this to be prohibited? It was felt at the Hague that the German argument had killed the Czar's fundamental idea.



Photo. Hanna.
REAR-ADMIRAL D. H. BOSANQUET,
New Commander East India Station.



Photo. Crooke, Edinburgh.
MR. A. DEWAR,
New M.P. for South Edinburgh.



Photo. Russell.
NURSE SMITH.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR EDWARD HULSE.



Photo. Bruce, Dunn, N.B.
THE LATE MR. A. R. DRUMMOND-HAY.



Photo. Russell.
CAPTAIN A. K. BICKFORD,
Promoted Rear-Admiral.

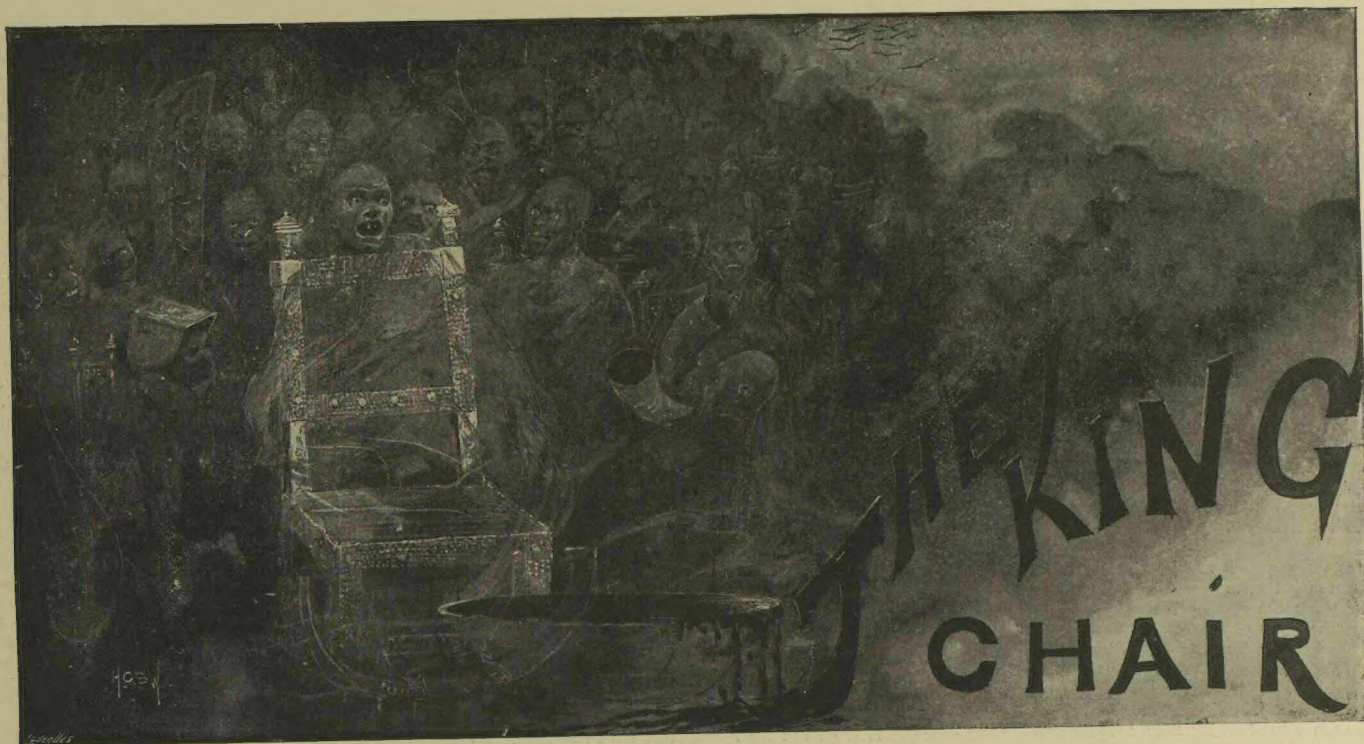


Photo. Tooty & Jercy.
MR. PHILIP BAUDAINS,
New Constable of St. Heliers.



"BEAUTY'S AWAKENING": MASQUE PERFORMED AT THE GUILDHALL BY THE ART WORKERS' GUILD.

The Masque founded upon the ancient story of that entertainment is a picturesque adaptation of the legend of the "Sleeping Beauty." The Art Workers' Guild seek to show how Beauty has been delivered from the persecutions of the Spirit of Ugliness and the Demons of Vulgarly and Self-Interest. It is, indeed, a dramatic allegory of our recent progress in taste.



BY ALICE FERRIN. ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.

EVERY day at the same hour—2.30 p.m.—the single-horse landau hired by Miss Sarah Wayte drew up at the door of that lady's gloomy-looking house in a monotonous Kensington square; and simultaneously Miss Wayte's great-niece descended the dark staircase, carrying a rug, a cushion, and a reticule, and dragging by a string a discontented King Charles spaniel, who pattered reluctantly in her wake, his eyes goggling plaintively from his sleek round head.

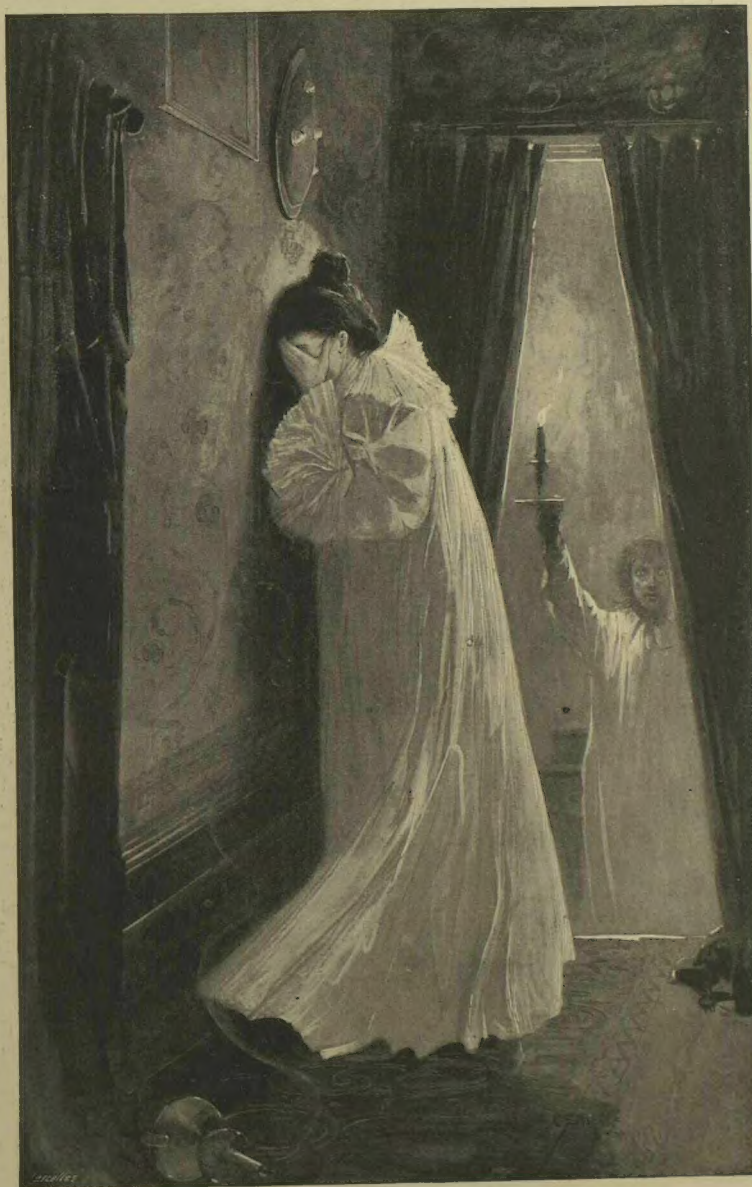
Wet or fine, summer or winter, for the past five years had Lydia Wayte daily descended these stairs carrying the same burdens—five long weary years that had gradually taken the glint from her hair, the light from her eyes, and the colour from her cheeks. For Lydia was the patient and unhappy victim of the one charitable act of her Aunt Sarah's existence—i.e., the grudging bestowal of a home on the youngest of a large family of suddenly orphaned and impoverished relations.

At the age of nineteen Lydia had found herself installed as the companion and slave of her exacting and exasperating old kinswoman, and embarked on a life consisting of a tedious round of monotonous duties. She read aloud uninteresting old-fashioned novels, in which all the "s's" looked like "f's," she washed and combed Pip, the spaniel, she made and mended her own and her aunt's clothes, she kept the accounts and did the housekeeping, besides conscientiously fulfilling the heaviest and most important of all her tasks—the care of Miss Wayte's enormous collection of curiosities and old furniture.

This alone was the work of at least one able-bodied housemaid, for every floor but the basement was crammed with a jumble of old china, battered antique silver, miniatures, brasses, inlaid tables, Jacobean chests, painted cupboards, Dutch dressers, worm-eaten oak carving, and cabinets of all shapes and sizes, not to mention idols, armour, tapestry, coins, and every description of curio—all purchased by the old lady from time to time at various curiosity-shops. It was almost impossible to move about the dingy overcrowded rooms, and yet Miss Wayte continued to add to her store, spending the greater part of a moderate income, and often slices of her capital, on the hobby which had finally become an absolute mania. No servant was permitted to touch anything in the house that might lay claim to Miss Wayte's affections by reason of its age or peculiarity, and until the importation of Lydia she had washed, dusted, and polished her treasures herself, a task which had become beyond her strength; for Miss Wayte was well advanced in years, and expended much of her remaining energies in constant warlike bargainings in curiosity-shops and old-furniture depôts, which contests were her sole idea of pleasure and recreation.

To Lydia she was not unkind in any active sense of the word, merely excessively disagreeable and completely inconsiderate, so that the girl's life was a long grey level of hopelessly dull monotony and hard work, unrelieved by change or companionship; and that afternoon, as she put the rug, cushion, reticule, and spaniel into the deep, old-fashioned landau, she looked certainly ten years older than her actual age.

She waited listlessly for her aunt, who presently emerged from the house, a spare shrunken figure, with bead-like eyes and scanty hair, which (to quote the small boy in *Punch*) "seemed to have come off the top of her head and got stuck on to her chin," a sharp nose and a mumbling, toothless mouth. She wore a rusty black mantle and a conical-shaped bonnet, which was placed well forward on her forehead to conceal the absence of natural covering. She huddled herself into a corner of the carriage, sinking down until only the point of this head-dress was visible over the side, and in a harsh quavering voice bade the coachman drive to "Fiske's."



All they could see was Lydia leaning faint and helpless against the wall.

Lydia's drooping spirits sank lower, Fiske's being a particularly squalid little curiosity-shop, which Miss Wayte regarded as her own property, for so many years had she patronised its snuffy, evil-smelling depths. She invariably invaded it when she was in a more than usually pugnacious frame of mind, and her appearance was, to the dealer who owned it, a signal for a long afternoon's haggling. He knew precisely what things would tempt her, and, though he had never yet enjoyed the satisfaction of getting the better of her over a bargain (and so felt he owed her a grudge), he never relinquished the hope of doing so before her death or his.

For over a fortnight Miss Wayte had not shed the light of her countenance on this inviting spot, and as the carriage stopped in front of the low grimy window, which displayed some dusty china tiles, a few battered brass candlesticks, and one or two faded engravings, she alighted on the pavement in a fervour of triumphant anticipation.

She entered the shop, followed by Lydia, whose nostrils wrinkled up as they were greeted by a strong smell of dirt and fustiness, an odour which Miss Wayte inhaled as though it had been the rarest of perfumes, while her sharp eyes peered into every nook and corner. She took scant notice of the old dealer, who followed her patiently, pointing out various articles, which she either condemned with unpleasant candour as frauds or else asserted that she already possessed far better specimens. She told the man he had nothing in his shop that was not made yesterday, accused him of making his living by cheating unsuspecting customers, gave it as her opinion that he ought to have been in jail years ago, and was altogether more rude and insulting than even Lydia ever remembered her.

The object of these remarks listened sulkily, but forbore to reply, for Miss Wayte had undoubtedly spent a great deal of money in the shop during the past twenty years, and so he suffered her to poke undisturbed amid piles of rotten furniture, to turn over with contemptuous fingers trays of old jewellery, to rout out boxes of antique plate, and to abuse him and his stock to her heart's content, while Lydia sat quietly on the nearest object resembling a seat that came in her way, with Pip shivering depressedly on her lap.

An hour passed agreeably for Miss Wayte, who at last announced with final decision that, as there was nothing worth twopence in the place, she would pay a visit to the rival establishment on the opposite side of the street.

"If you will wait one moment, Madam," said the dealer, "I think I have something in the back room that may interest you. Allow me to fetch it." And he darted past his unamiable customer and dived into a dark cupboard beyond. He presently emerged, triumphantly bearing a small, low, barbaric-looking chair, covered with thick, badly cured leather, deeply stained in places, and ornamented with clumsy brass-headed nails and old cartridge-ends.

"There now," said Mr. Fiske, dusting it airily, "I fancy that chair could tell a nice tale! It was brought from King Prempeh's palace at Coomassie."

"And how do you know?" demanded Miss Wayte incredulously.

"I purchased it, Madam, from the officer that brought it home himself after the last Ashanti War—a Captain Forrest. The gentleman's mother, Mrs. Major-General Forrest, died lately at Richmond, and I attended the sale of her things, as I happened to be down there at the time." He flapped his duster conclusively.

"Forrest—Forrest—" repeated Miss Wayte, thoughtfully.

"I paid an 'igh price for that chair, but I'd let you have it for what I gave."

"It's worth nothing. How much did you give?"

"Four pounds."

"I'll give you two!" cried Miss Wayte, with the light of battle in her eyes; but to her surprise and disappointment, her offer was accepted on the spot.

"It's a dead loss to me of two pounds and the carriage," said the old man, rubbing his dirty hands; and Lydia fancied she detected a look of malice in his face. "But you're an old customer, and I thought it would please you—"

Miss Wayte cut short his loquacity by handing him the money, and the ungainly squat-looking object was hoisted on to the box beside the coachman, who received the order for home.

"Now I wonder," speculated Aunt Sarah, as they jogged off, "if that old rascal's story about the chair is true. Do we know anyone likely to have been in Ashanti who could tell us anything about it?"

Considering that Miss Wayte's circle of acquaintances was extremely limited, this was not probable; but Lydia remained unaccountably silent, her cheeks deepening in hue.

"There was a General Forrest who lived near your father's parish in Hampshire. I remember his dying perfectly well when I was staying at the Vicarage, and his widow was left very badly off. That was just before your father behaved like a fool over those speculations. Then there was a son in the Army." She paused and gazed intently at Lydia, as recollection returned to her: "Weren't you engaged to him, or something of the kind?"

"No, I was never engaged to him," replied the girl in a low voice.

"Well, what became of them? Did Mrs. Forrest move to Richmond?"

"I—I think she did."

"And was her son through the last Ashanti War?"

"I believe so," faltered Lydia.

"And if I had not remembered the name, you meant to sit still and hold your tongue?" exclaimed Miss Wayte shrilly. "You would have allowed me to remain in doubt as to the genuine history of the chair?"

The tears gathered in Lydia's eyes, but she made no answer.

"Did you know Mr. Forrest's address?" continued the old lady, in the same indignant key.

Lydia reluctantly nodded her head.

"Very well then, you will write to that young man the instant we get home, and ask him if the chair was his, and what he can tell us about it. I suppose, if he's alive, the Richmond address will find him sooner or later?"

"Oh! no, Aunt Sarah. I couldn't write to him. Indeed I would rather not—please!"

Miss Wayte gasped with astonished rage. Never before had Lydia even questioned her orders.

"You ungrateful monkey!" she croaked, sinking farther into her corner, and glaring at Lydia from under her bonnet like a rat peeping out of a hole. "For five years have I fed you, clothed you, given you medicine and every other comfort and luxury, and now you refuse to do me the smallest service. Explain your conduct at once!"

Lydia's tears fell on to Pip's head, who whined sympathetically. It was impossible for her to explain to Aunt Sarah that she had loved Stephen Forrest with all her heart, and that his silence had nearly broken it—that the expected proposal had never come, and that after his father's death (just before her own home had been broken up) he had gone on foreign service and she had never seen him since, though she had always carefully followed the movements of his regiment in the newspapers. So she maintained a tearful silence, while Miss Wayte railed and stormed for the rest of the drive until the girl was finally reduced to a state of helpless submission, and on entering the house was at once installed by her aunt at an old French bureau in the dining-room to indite the desired note to Captain Forrest.

She made it as short and business-like as possible, relating the discovery of the chair and the dealer's story, inquiring if he would oblige her aunt by throwing any light on the subject, and ending by expressing her sincere regret for what she feared must be the death of his mother.

The stiff little letter was then duly posted by Lydia herself with mingled feelings of reluctance and anticipation, and she thought of nothing else the whole evening while engaged in cleaning the chair under her aunt's supervision. How soon would the answer come? Would he make any allusion to their former friendship and the old happy days? Perhaps the letter would have to follow him all over England—perhaps he was not in England at all—and so on, until her thoughts were interrupted by Miss Wayte.

"That's better!" as the dust and dirt disappeared and the brass nails and cartridge-ends began to shine. "I wonder that villain Fiske allowed it to go so cheap! Very unlike him—which makes me pretty certain he was lying. Now where is it to go? I won't have it in here till I'm sure it is genuine. Take it up to your room."

So, carrying the clumsy piece of furniture, Lydia staggered up to the top of the house to her bed-room, which was already littered with various articles suspected by Miss Wayte of being of doubtful antiquity; and the last thing her eyes rested on that night, before she blew out her candle, was the rough surface and gleaming ornamentation of the Ashanti chair.

She lay for some time thinking of Stephen Forrest and listening to the grunts and snores of Pip, who reposed at the foot of her bed, until she fell into a restless doze. Then a hideous nightmare came to her, in which she found herself amidst a crowd of almost naked black figures that leaped and howled and brandished long sharp spears, while their eyes and teeth gleamed fiercely from their dark faces as they danced madly to the weird discordant accompaniment of drums and horns. Above this horrible din there rose at intervals a shuddering, piteous cry of anguish and appeal for mercy. Cold with horror, Lydia pushed her way to the front of the crowd and saw that a man was being tortured to death. She caught a glimpse of a bound, helpless form and a face strained and grey with agony, and with a scream she turned to fly, but found she was being pursued. Yells of bloodthirsty rage filled her ears; dream-like, her legs refused to carry her; she stumbled forward, fell heavily—and awoke to find herself sitting up crying and trembling, and hardly knowing if she were asleep or awake, until she felt Pip crawling to her side and thrusting his nose into her hand.

Then she fancied she heard an uncertain sound in the room, such as might be made by a large moth fluttering about, knocking itself against the walls and furniture. Pip began to whine dismally and softly, and feeling decidedly nervous, she lit her candle and held it high above her head. All was silent. The chair gleamed back at her in the faint flickering light, and for a moment she thought she saw something crouching in front of it. She peered fearfully and intently into the shadows. No,

she had been mistaken, nothing was to be seen, and if a large moth was in her room it had now settled down. She glanced at Pip, who was cowering against her pillow, he was wide awake, his round protruding eyes staring beseechingly at her, while his limbs shook, and the hair on his back stood up stiffly. Then he suddenly jumped off the bed, and with his tail between his legs rushed to the door, where he howled and scratched, paying no attention to Lydia's remonstrances. Fearing he would disturb the house, she finally put him outside on the landing with a rug, on which he contentedly curled himself up with apparently every intention of remaining there for the night.

The room seemed darker and more cheerless than usual as Lydia re-entered it, carrying her flaring candle well in front of her, but from out the darkness the brass nails and cartridge-ends of the chair seemed to shine fiercely, and a sudden horror of it took possession of her. It looked like some evil, unnatural monster, with its squat shape and barbaric appearance, and she wondered, shuddering, what ghastly scenes and horrible deeds it had witnessed. She began to connect it with her nightmare, and attributed Pip's behaviour to its presence, and gradually worked herself up into such a state of superstitious terror that she felt she could bear it in the room with her no longer. Regardless of Pip's feelings she took it up and carried it out on to the landing, where she left it.

Then she looked under her bed and into the wardrobe, locked her door, and lay down again feeling more secure, but at the same time somewhat ashamed of her foolish fancies. Shortly afterwards she was again disturbed by a sound of scratching at her door, and low, terrified whines. Evidently Pip had repented of his sudden desire to sleep on the landing. She got up and opened the door impatiently. The little dog rushed in and went straight under the bed, almost knocking her over. She stood astonished for one moment, and was then about to return when a faint noise on the landing caught her ears. It was the soft, uncertain *throph-throph* that she had heard in her room. After waiting irresolutely for a second with a beating heart, she fetched her candle.

She stepped cautiously out on to the landing, holding the light well before her, and peering anxiously into the darkness. Then the candle fell from her hand with a crash and went out, while she shrieked again and again with fear and horror.

The next instant the landing was full of light and people. The cook, the kitchen-maid, the parlour-maid, and the housemaid all emerged from their rooms clinging to each other in deadly alarm of burglars, but all they could see was Lydia leaning faint and helpless against the wall, gasping and shuddering and pointing at the chair.

"Take it away! take it away!" screamed the girl hoarsely. "There was a man kneeling by it, and he was red and wet and shiny!" She put her hands over her eyes and cowered against the wall.

Then up the stairs came Miss Wayte in all the grotesqueness of her night attire, a shawl over her head, a red flannel dressing-gown wrapped around her, a poker in her hand, and huge night-socks on her feet. At this sight Lydia partially recovered her self-control and common-sense, and in answer to her aunt's severe inquiries said she supposed she must have imagined it, but that she certainly thought she had seen something dreadful. Then she burst into hysterical sobs.

"I can't help it—I am so frightened. I am sure it is all the chair. There is something awful the matter with it. I can't sleep with it anywhere near me. It makes me dream and see horrible things!"

"It's the enormous supper you eat that makes you dream and see horrible things," scoffed Miss Wayte; "but since you choose to blame an inanimate piece of furniture you will please put the chair in my room to-morrow. I can't run the risk of being disturbed at night at my age simply because you take it into your head to be afraid of a chair!" And she hobbled downstairs, leaving Lydia to be comforted by the kind-hearted housemaid, who volunteered to keep her company for the remainder of the night, while the three other servants encamped in one room, none of them relishing the notion of being left alone.

The rest of the night passed peacefully, though sleeplessly, for Lydia, and in the morning she acted on her aunt's suggestion, carrying the chair gingerly down and placing it in the least-crowded corner of the old lady's room, where she left it with a feeling of intense relief.

For the first time for many years, or, at any rate, within Lydia's memory, Miss Wayte did not appear to breakfast the following morning, sending down word that she had a cold, adding, of course, that she had caught it on the night of her niece's disturbance on the upper landing. Therefore, Lydia was alone in the drawing-room after breakfast dusting some carved ivory, when the parlour-maid announced "Captain Forrest."

Lydia was overwhelmed with shyness; but he seemed so glad to see her, his manner was so kind and tender, and he looked at her so intently that presently the colour rose in her pale cheeks and her blue eyes took fire and brightened, making her look more like the girl who had come to live with Miss Wayte five years before.

"I got your letter forwarded from Richmond late last night. What a curious thing your coming across that chair! I was so glad to get your address, because I had

come up to London on purpose to find out where you were—" he paused significantly.

"Your mother—" faltered Lydia.

"You guessed rightly in your letter; she is dead," he answered gravely, "and I shall miss her more than I can say. But—Lydia—listen to me—her death has released me from my silence. Did you ever wonder why I never asked you to marry me? Or—didn't you care?"

The look in the girl's eyes encouraged him. He went on—

"When my father died, my mother was left very badly off, and every spare penny I had went to help her. So, of course, I could not marry, and all my hopes and dreams seemed at an end. I said nothing to you, Lydia, because I thought if you cared at all for me you would forget me sooner if there had been no explanation between us—and it was all so hopeless then. But now—"

The ready tears rose to Lydia's blue eyes, she held out her trembling little hands to him, and at that moment the door opened and in sailed Miss Sarah Wayte. She looked older, thinner, and more ill-tempered than usual. Evidently she had had a very bad night. Lydia wondered, with a spice of secret malice, whether the chair had been to blame! She introduced Captain Forrest to her aunt. He assured the old lady of his readiness to tell her all he knew about the chair, and added that he certainly had brought one, answering to the description, home from Ashanti. Also he believed it had been sold to a curiosity-dealer after his mother's death.

"Shall I fetch it?" volunteered Lydia.

"I thought you were afraid of it," sneered Miss Wayte.

"Not in the daytime!" laughed the girl, and ran lightly upstairs, presently returning with the chair.

"That's the fellow!"

said Captain Forrest, taking it from her and setting it down. "I brought it home as being rather a curiosity. There are but two or three like it in existence, and they were only made for the palace at Coomassi, so they go by the name of king-chairs. My mother couldn't endure the thing, and banished it to a loft, because I incautiously told her it was covered with a human skin."

"Oh! It's not true?" cried Lydia, aghast.

"I am sorry to say it is," he answered.

"Oh, Aunt Sarah! I knew there was something awful about that chair—" she stopped abruptly, for Miss Wayte had turned ashy white and seemed to be struggling for breath. "What is the matter?" going quickly to her side, "do you feel ill, Aunt Sarah?"

"I am afraid I gave her a shock telling her about the chair," said Captain Forrest remorsefully.

Miss Wayte recovered herself with an effort. "Not at all!" she exclaimed in high indignation, yet still speaking with difficulty; "it was nothing to do with the chair. I have a cold which has upset me, and I am not so young as I was." Then she bade Lydia return the chair to her bedroom, and when this was done she gave Captain Forrest clearly to understand that he might take his leave, which he did, seeing that there was no prospect of getting speech alone with Lydia again that day. But, while shaking hands with the latter, he contrived to whisper that he should return the following morning "to tackle Miss Wayte."

Lydia's heart sank as she heard him close the hall-door. She knew Aunt Sarah would never voluntarily give her up to him; and how could she desert the old lady, who had kept her for five years, and who had really grown to be exceedingly dependent on her? Lydia's sense of duty was very strong, so also was her love for Stephen Forrest, and her conscientious mind felt torn in two. However, in spite of her anxiety and depression, she cleaned, polished, dusted, and sewed as usual that morning, and after luncheon drove in the landau with Miss Wayte, who persisted in going out, despite her cold, and to Fiske's, too, of

all places. When they arrived there, she requested Lydia to remain in the carriage while she went inside the shop alone.

In a few minutes she reappeared, her bead-like eyes ablaze with anger, her mouth working, and her bonnet quivering. Behind her came Mr. Fiske himself, rubbing his hands, and with an evil grin of triumph on his wrinkled dirty face.

"Very sorry not to be able to oblige you, Madam," he was repeating, "but I never take anything back once it's paid for, not even when I've had a dead loss over it—"

"Hollo!" shouted Miss Wayte to the coachman, her voice hoarse with rage; then she turned round and deliberately shook her fist at the curiosity-dealer, who stood in his doorway apparently making a polite bow, but in reality doubled up with laughter.

The next morning Captain Forrest appeared on Miss Wayte's doorstep, not actually with the milk, but as soon after breakfast as common politeness would permit. The

"I think I had better burst open the door," he said at last, "she may have had a fit and be unable to speak."

He pressed his shoulder and knee against the panels, exerting all his strength, which was considerable. The woodwork cracked and split and finally gave way, almost precipitating Captain Forrest into the room. He stood still for a second, glancing around, while the women held their breath. Then he turned hastily. "Go back," he said authoritatively. "Don't come in till I tell you." And went inside alone.

On the hearth in front of the smouldering fire, with her face buried in the ashes, lay the dead body of old Miss Wayte. In one hand was clutched a kitchen chopper, and scattered over the floor, in the fireplace, and among the cinders, were splintered pieces of wood, brass-headed nails, and old cartridge-ends. On the hobs and sticking here and there to the bars were still smoking fragments of charred leather.

Miss Wayte had destroyed the Ashanti chair with her own hands.

"She probably must have been chopping at it for hours," said the doctor afterwards, "and I suppose the exertion brought on a fit. What on earth made her do such an extraordinary thing?"

"I can't imagine," said Captain Forrest. Lydia said nothing. She understood, but at the same time there was no necessity to tell the doctor.

THE END.



On the hearth in front of the smouldering fire, with her face buried in the ashes, lay the dead body of old Miss Wayte.

door was opened by the kitchen-maid, who looked scared and bewildered, while in the hall stood Lydia in earnest consultation with the three other servants.

"Oh, I am so thankful you have come!" she cried, running forward when she perceived who it was. "We don't know what to do about Aunt Sarah. Her door is locked on the inside, and we can't make her hear. I have sent for the doctor, I got so frightened, but he hasn't come yet."

"Miss Wayte didn't seem at all like herself last night before she went to bed," volunteered the housemaid in an ominous voice. "She sent me to fetch her the kitchen chopper, and took it into her room with her!"

"She was moving about quite late," continued Lydia, "because I heard her hammering something, and I nearly went down to see if I could help her in any way, but I thought she would not like it. I wish now that I had—"

"Perhaps she has only overslept herself, it's not so very late," said Captain Forrest reassuringly; "I'll see if I can make her hear."

He went upstairs, preceded by Lydia and followed by the excited maids. He knocked at the old lady's door, but received no answer, then he banged, rattled, and shouted, but all to no purpose.

with. Her country being a series of islands, close to a great continent, she has already been spoken of as the "Great Britain of the Pacific"; and there are signs that she hopes in the future to emulate her Western model. Already her fleet dominates in the region; and Mr. Ransome gives some evidence that manufacturing and commercial prominence is a part of her programme. Her politicians realise the power this would produce, and the active, industrial population of the islands will be the means. The probabilities of America and England, with Japan as an ally, acting together, will be found among the subjects of this book. The commercial man may also read the pages with profit to himself. The prospects of trade are dealt with, and also the rather burning question of the "Revised Treaties," which will now soon come into operation. Bearing more or less on all those subjects is that of education. The Japanese have taken America for their model in this, and have established a very complete system, one in which the intention is that every child in the State shall be taught. Although Mr. Ransome criticises freely enough, his book is exempt from all narrowness, and is generous in its tone to the people he has been among. This makes the reading of it a pleasure.

"Japan in Transition,"

by Stafford Ransome (Hager and Brothers), has a sub-title which ought to be repeated, as it expresses the real purpose of the writer. It is: "A comparative study of the Progress, Policy, and Methods of the Japanese since their war with China." That being the declared subject of the author, it will be understood that he has not much to say of the Japan of the past—that is, "Old Japan." He deals with the Japan of the present, and from that as a standpoint, he attempts to anticipate the Japan that is to be. During a stay of about two years in the country, during which he was in contact with high functionaries as well as with the leaders in politics and new movements. Mr. Ransome has collected a large amount of valuable information, and is able to report what these leaders say, what they wish for, and what objects they desire to accomplish. With the transformations which have taken place in the Far East, and which are still going on, Japan is a power that has to be counted

SCENES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Melton Prior.



HOUSE OF A LANDROEST. THE LANDROEST GOING OUT SHOOTING.



VACCINATING ON A BOER FARM.

President Kruger.

President Steyn.

Sir A. Milner.



THE BLOEMFONTEIN CONFERENCE.—RECEPTION AT THE PRESIDENCY: MEETING OF SIR ALFRED MILNER AND PRESIDENT KRUGER.

From a Sketch by Jean Johnson, Bloemfontein.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Her Majesty the Queen left Balmoral on Thursday afternoon, June 22, after a stay of four weeks there, accompanied by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein and Princess Clementine of Belgium, and arrived at Windsor next morning at nine o'clock. On Saturday the Queen attended the annual show of the Windsor, Eton, and District Rose Society, of which her Majesty is patroness. By the Queen's gracious permission the show was held in the private grounds of Windsor Castle. The royal carriage was driven through the principal marquee. Her Majesty frequently expressed her great admiration of the flowers.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, on Friday, June 23, went to South Kensington for the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone, in Exhibition Road, of the new building for the Royal School of Art Needlework, of which Princess Christian is President. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, was also present; the Duchess of Somerset, the Countesses Spencer, Dartmouth, Rosslyn, Yarborough, and other ladies of rank were among the company. An address prepared by the Executive Committee, stating the past and present situation of the School of Art Needlework since 1872, and its need to raise a fund of £16,000 for the completion of its plans, was read by Princess Christian. The Prince of Wales replied, and, with a silver trowel spreading the mortar, laid the stone. A prayer uttered by the Bishop of London, a hymn and the National Anthem sung by students of the Royal College of Music, closed these proceedings. Active preparations are in



SIR EVELYN WOOD INSPECTING THE SANDHURST CADETS: PRESENTING THE SWORD OF HONOUR.



ROSENDALE HALL, DULWICH.

June 26. This interesting old house was erected in 1658 as a hunting-lodge for Charles II. It was for some time a royal residence, and if all accounts are true, was used for other purposes than merely as the headquarters of the chase. Thurlow owned large possessions in the neighbourhood of Dulwich, and his name is still preserved in Thurlow Park Road and the Thurlow Arms.

At the half-yearly inspection of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, which took place on June 20, Sir Evelyn Wood acted for the Commander-in-Chief. On arrival at the College the inspecting officer was received with a general salute. He thereupon inspected the line and saw the cadets put through the manual and firing exercises. The governor reported that the general conduct of the cadets had been very satisfactory, and Sir Evelyn Wood then addressed the students and afterwards presented the sword of honour to Under-officer Stansfield, adding a few words of congratulation. The cadets then marched off the ground, and Sir Evelyn Wood proceeded to the inspection of drawings and plans and saw the exercises of the riding class. The inspection ended with a display of sword exercise.

The Oxford University Commemoration proceedings for this year, with the Eneacrin assembly in the Sheldonian Theatre on Wednesday, June 21, for the delivery of official speeches and for the ceremonial of conferring honorary degrees, were of more than usual interest. The Duke and Duchess of York were among the spectators. Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, the Earl of Elgin, late Viceroy of India, and Mr. Cecil Rhodes were the most notable of those persons who received the degree of D.C.L., amid lively demonstrations of applause.

progress for the review of Volunteers which the Prince of Wales will hold on July 8 at the Horse Guards Parade.

The Duke and Duchess of York on June 23 visited Clifton St. Peter, in Buckinghamshire, to open the four new houses added by gifts from Mr. Passmore Edwards, Mr. P. Greene, and Mrs. Dearmer, to the asylum or "home," established by the National Society for Relief of Epileptics. Their Royal Highnesses were received by Mr. E. Montefiore Nicholls, Chairman of the Executive Committee, and other gentlemen, the Dowager-Duchess of Bedford, Sir William and Lady Broadbent, Mr. E. S. Roscoe, and Mr. Passmore Edwards; three hundred school-children were assembled. A week or ten days ago Mr. Passmore Edwards gave a Children's Home to Clifton.

General Merriam, U.S.A., has proclaimed military law in Shoshone County, Idaho, and mining, which has been carried on in that district for many years, is virtually at a standstill. The troops of the Federal Government were urgently called for by the Governor of Idaho, who realised that the State forces at his command were insufficient to cope with the Miners' Union, whose members, in their efforts to secure a higher rate of wages, had terrorised the whole district by their lawlessness. A crisis was reached a few weeks ago, when the large mill belonging to the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Mining Company, valued at over half a million dollars, was blown up by dynamite. Indiscriminate firing was indulged in by union and non-union men. General Merriam has nearly one thousand strikers under arrest, as well as several prominent State officials who refused to testify in the legal proceedings which are now being taken against the imprisoned miners.

Rosendale Hall, at Dulwich, one of the residences of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, was for sale at the Mart on



MILL AT WARDNER, IDAHO, U.S.A., BLOWN UP BY STRIKERS.

Photo. supplied by J. S. Wallace, San Francisco.



1. Road to Cosham and the Portsdown Hill
2. The River at Fareham,
3. Fareham.

4. Wymering Church.
5. The "Victory" in Portsmouth Harbour.
6. Portchester Castle.

7. Distant View of Portsmouth Town and Harbour,
with Castle Grounds and Church, from the Keep.
8. Portchester Church.

A CYCLE RIDE ROUND NELSON'S FLAG-SHIP, THE "VICTORY."

Drawn by Harry Colls.

The wedding of her Royal Highness Princess Victoria of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, eldest daughter of the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and Count Maurice George Jametel was celebrated on June 22 at the Roman Catholic Chapel of St Elizabeth at Richmond, and subsequently after the Anglican form at the parish church of Kew. The former ceremony was performed by Monsignor Leclerc, and the latter by the Rev. Edgar Sheppard, Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, the Rev. F. E. Reaveley, Rector of West Lexham, Norfolk, and the Rev. W. Bliss, Rector of Kew. Admiral Fitz-George and Mrs. Fitz-George arrived at the chapel at eleven o'clock, and received the other members of the royal family, including Princess Christian, who was dressed in grey silk with a cream toque. The bride entered the church on the arm of her father, the Hereditary Grand Duke, and Prince Francis of Teck acted as best man. The bride wore a simple dress of white satin, with a tight-fitting bodice and full sleeves. The front of the bodice was roped with pearls. From a small tulle of pearls depended a beautiful veil of old Brussels lace. The bride kissed her mother and father immediately after the service, and then signed the register, nearly every one of the royal personages present witnessing the signatures.



THE WEDDING OF PRINCESS VICTORIA OF MECKLENBURG-STRELITZ: THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CEREMONY AT RICHMOND.

At both weddings the same ring was used, the bride taking it off at the altar in Kew Church and handing it to the Rev. Mr. Reaveley. The wedding breakfast was given by the Duke of Cambridge at Cambridge Cottage, after which the newly wedded pair left for the Continent, where the honeymoon will be passed.

Last Saturday the author of "Tom Brown's School-days" was fittingly commemorated at Rugby, when a statue of Judge Hughes was unveiled by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Among those present were Mr. Goschen, Lord Cross, the Dean of Westminster, the Bishop of Hereford, and Mrs. Hughes, the widow of Judge Hughes. In the course of his inaugural speech Dr. Temple remarked that he, as an old Head Master of the school, was glad to unveil the statue of one who had done so much to make Rugby and its masters known to the world. "Tom Brown" was not a man of commanding ability, and, except in one sense, not a man of genius, but it had been given to him in a marvellous degree to drink in the spirit that animated Arnold. Lord Cross and Mr. Goschen also spoke. The statue is wrought in marble, and bears the inscription: "Watch ye. Stand fast in the Faith. Quit you like men; be strong."



UNVEILING THE STATUE OF JUDGE HUGHES ("TOM BROWN") AT RUGBY.

Photo, Dean, Rugby.

Princess Henry of Prussia.

Marchioness of Granby.

Duchess of Marlborough.

Miss Muriel Wilson.

Countess of Westmorland.

Duchess
of Sutherland.Mr. Ford (St.
Coults, M.P.)

SOME DISTINGUISHED ASSISTANTS AT THE CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL BAZAAR.

A bazaar in aid of the funds of the Charing Cross Hospital was opened on June 21 by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, at the Royal Albert Hall. The Duchesses of Westminster, Portland, Abercorn, Sutherland, and Marlborough, Countesses of Westmorland, Cadogan, Chesterfield, and other peeresses, and Mrs. Choate, wife of the United States Ambassador, were among the ladies keeping stalls. Lord Glenesk acted for the committee and council of the hospital. The sum realised was £15,000, and still more money is promised. The bazaar is fully described upon our Ladies' Page.

The centenary festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys, over which the Prince of Wales presided as Most Worshipful Grand Master at the Albert Hall last summer, resulted in a record subscription of such huge dimensions that it was not possible for the contributions at the Brighton Pavilion dinner on Wednesday to approach it. With so devoted and so munificent a Mason as Worshipful Brother Charles de Keyser, P.G.D., in the chair, however, a substantial sum-total was reached. The great Masonic gathering in Brighton Pavilion was preceded on Tuesday by an interesting meeting at the Wood Green Institution, when Mrs. Keyser distributed the school prizes to the successful students.

The members of the London County Council were entertained last week by their Chairman, Lord Welby, with dinner at the Hôtel Cecil. Mr. Leonard Courtney, M.P., was one of the speaking guests; Mr. S. Buxton, M.P., another. Satisfaction was expressed at the progress of the London Municipal Government Bill through Parliament, by which the London County Council is not to be set aside.

The budget for the next year's finances of the London School Board, presented by Sir Charles Elliott on June 22, shows an increase of £150,262 in the expenditure already incurred this year, the augmentation of teachers' salaries being to the amount of £48,637, with greatly increased cost of books, apparatus, and stationery, and the evening continuation schools nearly doubled. The school rate has been raised a penny.

The election for the East Division of Edinburgh resulted, at the polling on June 23, in the success of Mr. George McCrae, the Liberal candidate, who got 4891 votes, while 2961 were given for Mr. H. G. Younger, the Unionist candidate.

A new Ministry in France was formed last week by M. Waldeck-Rousseau, who is Premier and Minister of the Interior, with General Galliffet as Minister of War, M. Delcassé, Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Caillaux, of Finance; M. Decrais, of the Colonies; M. de Lanessan, Marine; M. Millerand, Commerce; M. Monis, Justice and Public Worship; M. Jean Dupuy, Agriculture; M. Leygues, Public Instruction; and M. Pierre Baudin, Public Works.

In the International Peace Conference at the Hague, the Committee on Armaments has decided to recommend the prohibition in warfare of explosive and spreading or flattening bullets, or those with a sharp point or edge, to



MADAME BERNHARDT AT THE BAZAAR.

wound the human body; also of projectiles to discharge noxious suffocating gases; but has rejected the limitations proposed on the introduction of newly invented guns or powder, and cannot agree about submarine torpedo-boats.

At Bedford on June 21 the Duke of Bedford, with the High Sheriff of the county, the Mayor of that town, and Mr. S. Whitbread and Lady Isabella Whitbread, opened a fine new range of buildings for the enlargement of the County Hospital and Infirmary, with a Nurses' Home, the cost of which has been £38,000.

At the annual meeting in London of the Imperial British South Africa Association, Lord Windsor presiding, a resolution was passed expressing regret at the failure of the Bloemfontein Conference between Sir Alfred Milner and President Kruger, but confidence that the High Commissioner will obtain due support from the Queen's Government here.



THE CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL | BAZAAR AT THE ALBERT HALL.

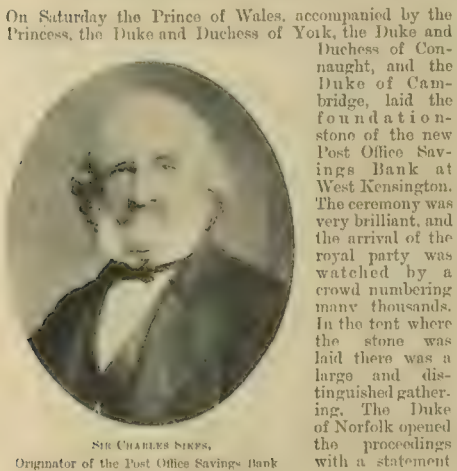
THE CENTENARY OF SAVINGS BANKS.



WENDOVER PARISH CHURCH, BUCKINGHAM.
WHERE THE FIRST SAVINGS BANK IN ENGLAND WAS OPENED IN 1799.



RUTHWELL PARISH CHURCH, DUMFRIESSHIRE,
WHERE THE FIRST SAVINGS BANK IN SCOTLAND WAS OPENED IN 1810.



SIR CHARLES SIKES,
Originator of the Post Office Savings Bank

On Saturday the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Princess, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the Duke of Cambridge, laid the foundation-stone of the new Post Office Savings Bank at West Kensington. The ceremony was very brilliant, and the arrival of the royal party was watched by a crowd numbering many thousands. In the tent where the stone was laid there was a large and distinguished gathering. The Duke of Norfolk opened the proceedings with a statement

concerning the progress of the Post Office Bank; and in reply the Prince of Wales said that her Majesty had desired him to express the great interest she had always taken in the Post Office Savings Bank, and the satisfaction with which she had watched the business attain its present proportions. She rejoiced at the stimulus to thrift and commerce conferred by the system, which brings facilities for economy to every man's door.

It is just a hundred years since Savings Banks were first established in Great Britain. The credit of their inception belongs to the Church. In 1799 the Rev. Joseph Smith, Rector of Wendover, Buckinghamshire, opened the first "bank for savings" in England, in his parish church at Wendover. In the course of nine or ten years quite a number of banks were established throughout England, and in 1810 they were introduced into Scotland—this time also by a clergyman, the Rev. Henry Duncan, minister of Ruthwell, Dumfriesshire, his parish church likewise being the "place" where the first Scottish savings bank began business. In 1817 the Legislature recognised its importance. By the year 1836 the deposits amounted to £25,000,000, most of which, however, was at the credit of English depositors. In September 1861, at the suggestion of Mr. Charles W. Sikes, a Huddersfield banker, the Post Office Savings Bank system was founded. There are now over 12,000 Post Office Savings Bank offices, with 7,500,000 depositors, and £125,000,000 sterling at credit.

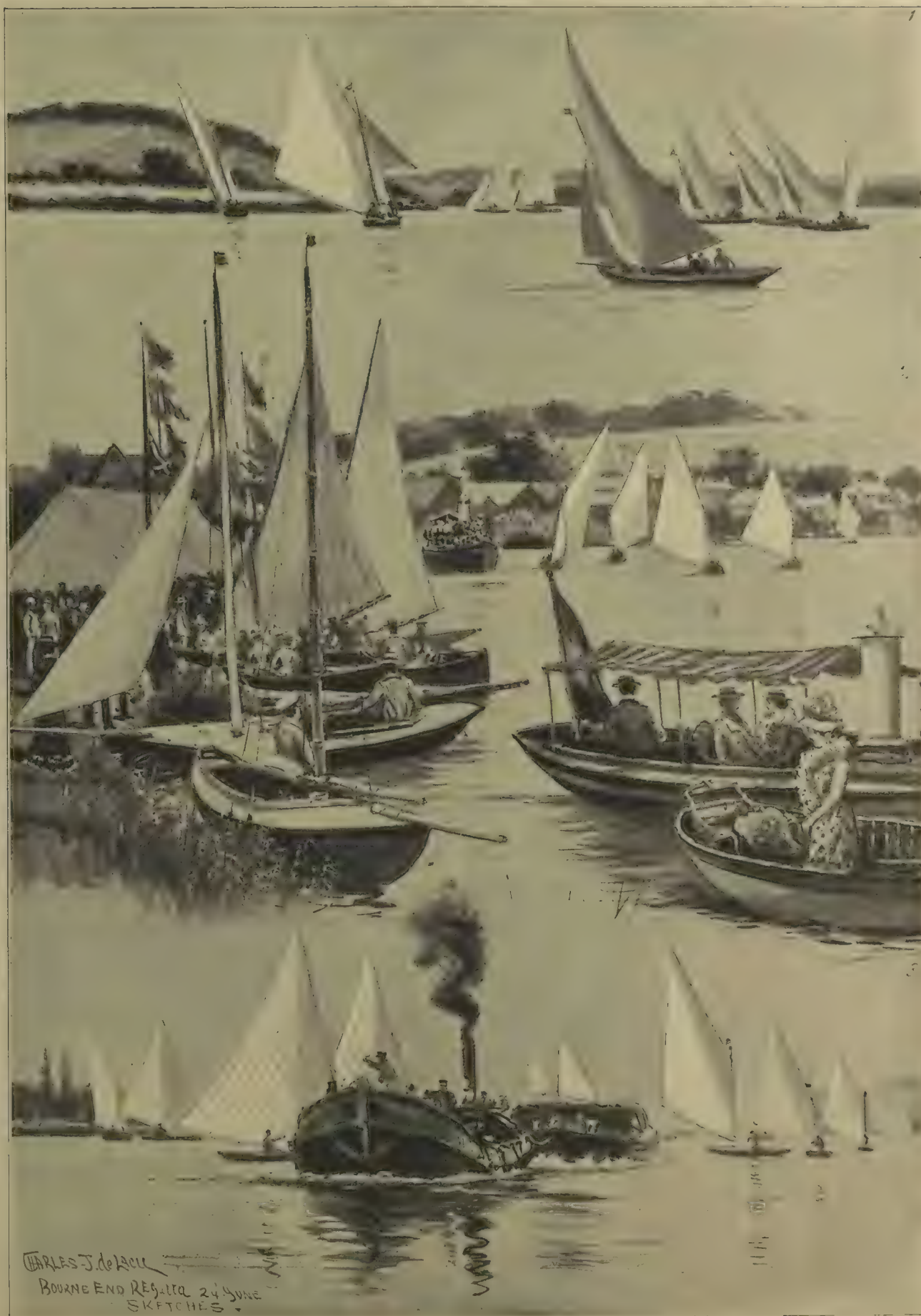
The trowel used at the ceremony is composed of solid silver, the handle being richly decorated with ornamental scroll-work and medallions having the cypher of his Royal Highness executed in enamel. The handle has a finely modelled coronet at the top. Upon the blade is placed the full arms of his Royal Highness enamelled in proper colour. The mallet has a solid silver handle to match the trowel. The whole work has been executed by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, of 112, Regent Street, W. The company also made the bronze casket containing the various documents, coins, etc., which were placed within the stone.



TROWEL AND Mallet USED AT THE
CEREMONY.



THE PRINCE OF WALES LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW SAVINGS BANK BUILDINGS AT WEST KENSINGTON.



1. Race for the Queen's Cup: The Start. 2. Finish for the Queen's Cup. 3. An Unacome Visitor among the Fleet.

THE BOURNE END REGATTA.

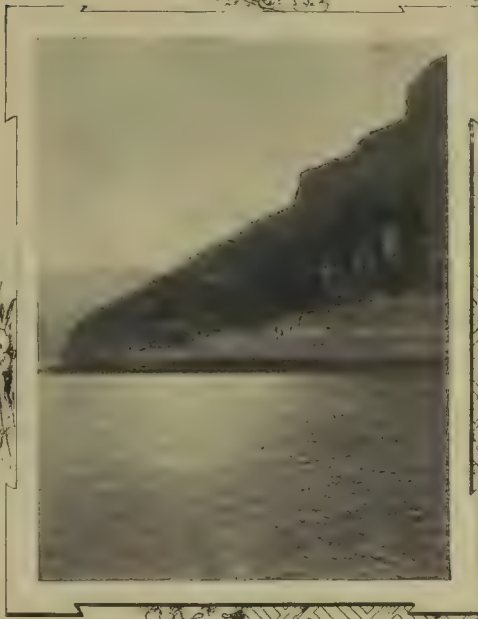


1. Rocks and Kwatse (or House-Boat) in Rapid.
3. The Red Boat: Official Guard-Boat.
5. Scenery on the Upper Yangtse.

2. View down the Yangtse River.
4. Mr. Pritchard-Morgan's Kwatse.
6. View up Hsintan Rapid.

WITH MR. PRITCHARD-MORGAN'S EXPEDITION IN SZECHUAN.

From Photographs by Mr. Burn-Murdoch, in Charge of the Expedition.



1. View up Ichang Gorge, Trackers at Work.
2. View down Wushan Gorge, showing Snow on Mountains.
3. Kwatse being Towed up a Rapid.
4. At Mr. Archibald Little's House, Headquarters of the Expedition.
5. Working the Yulochs, or Side Sweeps.
6. View from Wushan, looking down Stream, showing Red Boat.

WITH MR. PRITCHARD-MORGAN'S EXPEDITION IN SZECHUAN.

From Photographs by Mr. Burn-Murdoch, in Charge of the Expedition.

ASCOT: A VIGNETTE.

BY MULLETT ELIJS.

Here was I, after long years, on the lawn at Ascot, rubbing shoulders with beauty and fashion: a prosperous, successful man, luck again in England.

I was penniless when I left my own little village near Doncaster ten years ago to seek my fortune at the Cape. I had a rough, hard life at first, but it was free and wild and healthy; and then I had my luck and became rich, and am now, I suppose, an envied man, for I am young still and as sound as a bell. Yet not a happy man altogether, thought I, as, turning from the rails after the second race, I gazed almost wearily at the faces of the lovely English women on that radiant lawn.

Ten years' absence from home marks many changes. How altered my little village! The old church still nestles under the woods, the quiet hamlet still sleeps as of yore; but there is a new town on the land once farmed by my dear old father, and some modern graves in the churchyard record, it seems to me, the death of a whole generation of friends. Hardly anyone is left that I knew. There is a new rector, the manor-house has been sold, the old doctor is dead, there is a school and Board-school, the George and the Horse and Hounds are in alien hands, even the postman and the baker have strange, unfamiliar faces. The few hearty handshakes and heart-moving greetings, the few loved voices, served only to accentuate the sorrow I felt at the changes that had made my old village home desolate. And I came away sadder than I had been for years, without news of Alice—except that she left Brighton not many weeks after I did—and went to London.

Alice! In her name is contained the one true love-story of my life. She came from the West of England to be governess at the Rectory a very few months before I went to the Cape. It was in the hay-time, as I well remember, for that was how I came to know her from the very first. All the horses were at work in the hay-fields but mine, so I drove her with her box and trunk from the station to her new home. It is a four-mile drive, but I made six of it (though she never knew that). I had fallen in love with her literally at first sight.

But afterwards I could rarely find opportunity to speak to her, and even when I did I made dreadful blunders. She was distant to me always, but only with a gentle modesty which veiled without concealing her innate kindness.

And then came the break-up of my life—the Leger of 1888. I backed the wrong horse for much more than I was worth, and ruined my father and myself and the love that might have been.

Before I left the country I sought Alice, but she would have nothing to say to me except to upbraid me for my father's grief and my own folly.

But when I got to the Cape I wrote letter after letter to Alice, for there had been a kindness even in her reproaches. I sent them through my Aunt Deborah, whom I thought I could trust. To these Alice did not reply, and it was not until years afterwards that I discovered that my aunt had withheld my letters from her.

Thus it was that Alice went out of my life. When my luck came, and the patient years of anxiety and industry through which I built my pile and established my wealth, I thought again and again of Alice, and I determined I would find out what had become of her.

There were a good many Yorkshire folk in London whom I knew, old acquaintances whom I had met at markets, plenty of Doncaster lads, and some even from my own village—friends of my youth. And oh! the ups and downs of life! How struck I was with their pathos, in spite of the attendant comedies that often rallied my heart to laughter.

There was Scarth—a dear old chum, a thorough sportsman—my old schoolfellow. Nothing would content him but to run me down to Ascot. So there I was, to see the Gold Cup run for, and I strolled on the gay lawn or watched the satin-coated horses from the grand stand as smiling and light of heart perhaps as the rest.

I saw Cylene win the Cup, and then went under the chestnuts at the back of the stand, where the ladies were promenading to the strains of the Royal Artillery band.

Is there a prettier sight in the world? I have seen beds of flowers in the glory of tropical bloom, splendid with the gorgeous hues of Southern Africa, and alive with the hum and iridescent radiance of giant butterflies; but this moving parterre of women was lovelier even than the floral magnificences of the South.

Near the gates, beneath the great rhododendrons, which, though ablaze with purple bloom, seemed neutral in hue through the radiance of the ladies who clustered about the base of the plants, my eye was arrested by a face as healthy and as pure as a lily, wonderfully fair, and perhaps with something of a lily's languor, but little interested in the gaiety of the picture of which it made a part. While I was regarding her she opened her lips; indeed, she gaped distinctly, yawning so widely that her mouth took the form of a large red flower, as though the bud had suddenly burst into open bloom as it might be a peony, wherein a row of pearly dew-drops were hung. She was quite near to me, and of a beauty so striking that I was compelled to gaze upon her weary face and to look into her mild, her gentle eyes.

Suddenly my heart came into my mouth. A great thrill of excitement dazed me utterly. Did I sob? I cannot tell; nor what I did, for before me was—Alice! my Alice!

But when the sudden seizure which momentarily eclipsed my senses had passed, she had risen from her chair and was staring into this sunburnt face of mine. In her curious intent I read during these moments of ecstasy the gradual vanishing of astonishment, the slow dawn of recognition, and the thrill of fearful joy and happiness which suffused every feature of her beauty when she saw me and knew me after long years.

Did she love me? Was she free?

There was no need for me to ask. I knew—I saw. Love lit up her face and told me all. She, too, had endured the years of heart-emptiness that had been mine. Her face was aglow with unimaginable joy.

Our hearts, void so long, are full. Alice is pledged to me. My Alice—my own for evermore!

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J T BLACKMORE.—You are quite right, and we regret having failed to notice the second solution. We are much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken, and we are sure the author would appreciate your criticism.

F SADLER (Canterbury).—We regret it is not in our power to comply with your suggestion.

MARSHALL (Cambridge).—The notes are merely suggestive, and are not intended always to affirm the line of play would prove more successful.

G S JOHNSON (Cobham).—One of your problems is marked for insertion, and it shall appear in due course.

F SADLER (Ramsgate).—You had better apply to the British Chess Company, Southampton Row, Holborn.

R PRICE (Hackney).—There is no mistake. If you will look again, you will see your proposed move is impossible.

PROMISE to hand from S R Andrews and J R Wain.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 2870 and 2871 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 2873 from H M Warren, G E Heddon, J R Wain (Pontiac, Michigan), S Subramania Iyer (Egmore, Madras), and C Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of Nos. 2874 and 2875 from H M Warren, G E Heddon, and J R Wain (Pontiac, Michigan); of No. 2876 from Ernest D Anderson (Minneapolis, U.S.A.), H Jennings (Plymouth), C Field (Athol, Mass.), J Zieske, Professor Karl Wagner (Vienna), E G Boys (Eastbourne), and Albert Tarraszi (Paris); of No. 2877 from C E H (Clifton), J K Macmeikan (Hepton School), Albert Tarraszi (Paris), E G Boys (Eastbourne), Professor Karl Wagner (Vienna), J Zieske, S R Andrews (Cheltenham), T Carr (Göttingen), J Bailey (Newark), W M Kelly, M.D. (Worthing), F Glanville, Jacob Verrall (Redford), W Mel Wood, E T Hill (Crouch End), and Richard Murphy (Wexford).

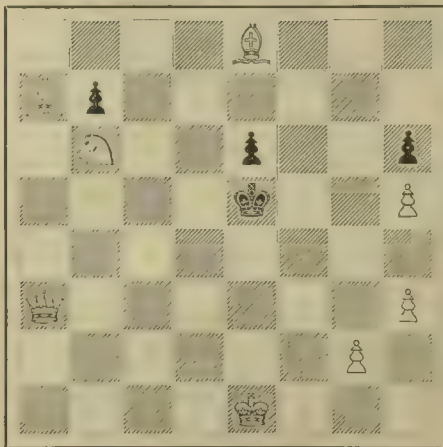
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 2878 received from T Roberts, Dorothy Evans (Higham), W H Buhm (Worthing), W McE Woodin, W G Stronach (Borden), F Glanville, W M Kelly, M.D. (Worthing), J Bailey (Newark), J Zieske, E G Boys (Eastbourne), C E H (Clifton), Albert Tarraszi (Paris), J K Macmeikan (Hepton School), Alpha, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), W P A. Burnard (Uppingham), C E N (Hamburg), Richard Murphy (Wexford), K P W (Clifton), Henry A Donovan (Lisow), C E Perugini, M A Eyre (Folkestone), Dr F St. Reginald Gordon (Kensington), H S Brandreth (Canterbury), C E M (Glasgow), H Le Jeune, Dr Goldsmith, Charles Burnett, F J Candy (Norwood), H Le Jeune, L Desanges, F Koster (Huslen), Captain Spencer, T G (Ware), F Harrison (Liverpool), Miss D Gregson, Sorrento, C M A B, Marcella (Cambridge), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), S R Andrews (Cheltenham), Edith Corser (Heigate), W R B (Clifton), A J B Baxter (Buxton), R Winters (Canterbury), Albert Wolf (Putney), J T Blakemore (Birmingham), Professor Karl Wagner (Vienna), C W Sumner (Monmouth), G B D (Spear Bridge), Rev A Mays (Bedford), J H Warburton Lee (Whitechurch), George Sillington Johnson (Cobham), T Carr (Göttingen), C Middleton, E B Ford (Cheltenham), J D Tucker (Leeds), F Dally, Shadforth, F J S (Hamstead), and J F Moon.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2877.—By CHEVALIER DESANGES.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to R 4th. P takes Kt
2. Q takes B. Any move
3. Q mates.
If Black play 1. B takes Q, 2. K takes P; 2. K moves, 3. Kt or B mates.

PROBLEM No. 2880.—By W. BIDDLE.

BLACK.



White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played in Berlin between Messrs. ROSENRETER and REICH.

(Gioco Piano).

WHITE (Mr. Rosenreter).	BLACK (Mr. Reifoh).	WHITE (Mr. Rosenreter).	BLACK (Mr. Reifoh).
1. P to K 4th.	P to K 4th.	8. B to R 4th.	P to K 4th.
2. Kt to K B 3rd.	Kt to Q B 3rd.	9. P to K B 4th.	Kt P takes P
3. B to B 4th.	B to B 4th.	10. R takes P.	
4. Castles.	Kt to K B 3rd.		
5. P to Q 4th.	B takes P.		
6. Kt takes B.	Kt takes Kt.		
7. B to Kt 5th.			

Another way is P to K B 4th at once, threatening to win a piece by P takes P.
7. P to K R 3rd.
It would certainly appear that Kt to

CHESS IN SWEDEN.

Game played at Stockholm between Messrs. S. SVENSON and P. ENGLAND.

(King's Gambit).

WHITE (Mr. S.).	BLACK (Mr. E.).	WHITE (Mr. S.).	BLACK (Mr. E.).
1. P to K 4th.	P to K 4th.	11. Q to R 7th.	B to Kt 2nd.
2. P to K B 4th.	P takes P.	12. Kt to Q B 3rd.	Kt to K B 3rd.
3. Kt to K B 3rd.	P to K Kt 4th.	13. Q to R sq.	P takes P.
4. B to Q 4th.	B to Kt 2nd.	14. P takes P.	Kt to Q B 3rd.
		15. K to B sq.	Kt takes Kt.
		16. Kt takes Kt.	Q takes Kt.
		17. B to Q 2nd.	Q to K 5th.
		18. B to Q 3rd.	B to Kt 3rd.
		19. Kt to Q Kt 5th.	Q to Kt 3rd.

This game thus becomes a regular King's Gambit, of which we see little in these days of close game.
A. P to Q 4th. P to Q 3rd.
B. P to K R 4th. P to K R 3rd.
C. P takes P. P takes P.
D. B takes R. B takes R.
E. Q to Q 3rd.
The good old-fashioned way. It threatens to Kt to Q R 7th, attacking knight on f3, and P to R 7th.
9. Q to K 2nd.
It is better to play at once Kt to K B 3rd.
10. P to K 5th. K to B sq. White resigns.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the Name and Address of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I have received a letter from a lady reader of this column in which she begs that I should say a word or two regarding the difficulties of procuring fish and vegetables at what she terms reasonable rates. My correspondent's arguments—which I doubt not will appeal to many housekeepers—are, first, that fish and vegetables are necessities of life, that they constitute wholesome foods, that they form a pleasant change (in the case of fish, at least) from a meat dietary, and that, finally, they are sold at a price which increases the household expenditure in no small degree. Regarding the physiological points my correspondent urges, I am in perfect agreement with her; respecting the high cost both of fish and of vegetables, I am not in a position to say much, save, indeed, that I have heard ladies complain that these articles are by no means to be reckoned as the least costly among the items of domestic expenditure. It is urged in the letter to which I refer that even if people were willing to become vegetarians *in toto*, as, in truth, most of us are vegetarians in part (consuming daily, as we do, a large quantity of plant produce, from bread to potatoes and sugar), the cost would be prohibitive to all save well-to-do folks, unless people chose to live on the simplest of vegetable messes. It is in this food-quandary that my correspondent asks my assistance in ventilating what she calls "a nutritive hardship." I am sorry that I cannot claim the happiness of being able to render her much aid.

How to cheapen vegetable supplies is, of course, an economic problem depending for its solution on the general basis of demand and supply. If vegetables are required in an increasing ratio and the supply is deficient, up go the prices; or, if the cost of carriage of vegetable produce (a matter in which the railway companies have a very important say) be high or prohibitive, the market price will be proportionately increased. These are obvious factors in determining not only the cost of our plant-fare, but of the fish we consume as well. The late Professor Huxley was of opinion that the resources of the sea were inexhaustible, and I believe Professor W. C. McIntosh, of St. Andrews, holds much the same opinion. Phases of over-fishing and of so-called depletion of fisheries are held to be only temporary in their nature, and the ocean's food-supply is to be regarded as of the fullest and freest kind. If this be so, we should assuredly be able to get more fish than we do, and to procure it at a cheaper rate. Even at the seaside fish is by no means to be cheaply bought, a fact presumably due to the combination of shopkeepers, who must live and pay rent and taxes like other citizens. But I often observe advertisements emanating from Grimsby and other fishing centres, wherein it is announced that the fish-merchants will send parcels of fish at a cheap rate, carriage paid, to any part of the country. This practice, of course, represents the abolition of the middleman, and I may commend the announcements in question to the notice of my correspondent.

Yet another fact may be mentioned such as shows how the resources of science may come to the aid of our food-supplies. I learn that a movement of a commercial kind is on the tapis which will solve the question of fish food in one way by presenting us with fresh fish in the form of a powder or like product, analogous in its way to the form in which beef essence and other flesh products are produced in a concentrated shape. The fish from which the product will be prepared represents the choice catch of the north of Scotland, and I hear that the analysis of the powder shows a full percentage of those nitrogenous or flesh-forming and tissue-building principles that represent a vital necessity of our nutrition. Now here is a phase of food-supply which may very likely revolutionise some of the difficulties mentioned in connection with the scarcity of fish, and I shall certainly rejoice to learn fuller details, because I am personally interested in all questions that relate to improvements in the commissariat department.

Apropos of the fish-food topic, I observe that the *Lancet*, in a recent article, discussed the matter chiefly from the physiological standpoint. The writer of that article took as his standard of the value of fish the chemical statement that fifteen parts of fish equal in nutritive value twelve parts of beef. This expression of opinion fairly enough explains the relative difference between these foods. Beef, I take it, has more staying properties, so to speak, than fish, and one becomes hungry sooner after a fish meal than after one in which flesh has formed an item. This latter fact is probably explained by the easier digestibility of fish, and by its more rapid absorption from the digestive system. If we even suppose that fish is less nutritious than meat, I think we may find another and counterbalancing advantage in the occasional substitution of fish for flesh on the ground that a change of diet is among the most important of the phases that are included in the work of healthy nourishment. I am not theologian enough to enter into the reasons for which a fish dietary is proscribed in the codes of certain faiths, but I can see physiologically the advantage of such a practice. The digestive powers are conserved by the change, and the system is saved from the cloying effects of a monotonous diet, while I doubt not we experience a mental effect that is as important in its way as is the purely physical result. Finally, as far as the idea that "fish makes brain" is concerned, I suppose that notion arose from the fact that phosphates being known to rank among brain-constituents, and fish containing a fair proportion thereof, the conclusion that fish is a nerve food naturally followed. I do not think we need concern ourselves with this latter point, for the brain is fed from the food at large and not specially from any one item in our diet-list.

Those of my readers who are interested in the discussion of evolutionary problems may thank me for introducing to their notice the recently published work "Evolution by Atrophy" (Kegan Paul and Co.). It is a suggestive volume, and one which ought to throw some light on the factors to which the process of evolution owes its being.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

The Cathedral Builders. By Mrs. Leader Scott. (Sampson Low.)
No Room to Live. By George Haw. (Daily News Office.)
The Eversley Shakespeare. Vols. I. and II. (Macmillan.)
In Modern Spain. By Reginald St. Barbe. (Elliot Stock.)
The Maternity of Harriott Wicken. By Mrs. H. E. Dudeney. (Heinemann.)
Dainty Meals for Small Households. By Marguerite Ninet. (Sampson Low.)
Ragged Lady. W. D. Howells. (Harpers.)
Miss Cayley's Adventures. By Grant Allen. (Richards.)

It is one of the little ironies of fate that the fullest justification of the Freemasons should come to be written by one of the sex excluded from participation in their rites. The author's theory is that a mediæval Guild of *Liberi Muratori* (Freemasons) living on the borderland of Italy and Germany formed the link between classical and Gothic architecture. These masons, known as *Magistri Comacini*, lived either on the shores of the Lake of Como or on the Isola Comacina, which was celebrated as a refuge in early mediæval times. The tradition that a group of Italian architects who built for the Lombards sought shelter on this island during the barbarian invasions of Italy in the sixth century is generally accepted. It is also admitted that after these *Casari*, or builders of houses, as they called themselves, had submitted to the Lombard Kings, they were treated with great favour. Mrs. Leader Scott at great length, and with an overpowering array of authorities, argues that to these *Casari* we owe the Romanesque and the Gothic churches and cathedrals which the piety of the Middle Ages scattered over Europe, from Roeskilde to Reggio. Had the author been content to compress her argument and its illustration, she might have attracted a wider circle of readers. As it is, her book is too diffuse for the average traveller and not sufficiently technical for the student. As for the case on behalf of the Freemasons, it is certainly cleverly argued, but one would like to know how far that body is prepared to give up its ancestors who worked for King Solomon, and to accept in their place the *Magistri Comacini*. The weakness of Mrs. Leader Scott's position is that she too often regards assumptions or personal inferences as indisputable axioms, and she calls to her support a number of examples which she thinks conclusive, instead of laying before her readers the facts, and allowing the evidence to be fairly weighed. The ramifications of the Masonic Guild over Europe are certainly of the highest interest to the historian and the archaeologist, for the persistence of certain decorative symbols in mediæval churches separated by many hundred miles is perplexing. We are therefore grateful to Mrs. Leader Scott for having to some extent made known to English readers Professor Merzario's monumental work on the Comacina masters; but we are not prepared to admit that the last word has been said on the cathedral builders of Europe. The present volume, however, deserves a place on the bookshelves of those who desire to have at hand a useful record of the migrations of skilled labour in the Middle Ages.

Under the name of "*No Room to Live*," Mr. Haw has republished from the *Daily News* a series of very practical articles on the housing question in London. There is nothing declamatory in them; there is not even much theory. His purpose is to state the results of his own investigation, and he does so with a lucidity and an effectiveness which could not be improved upon. His argument that high rents are the consequence, not the cause, of overcrowding is amply borne out; and his criticism of attempts at reform is never captious. No better or more reasonable introduction could be found to the study of one of the most pressing social questions of the day.

Scholarly editions of Shakespeare multiply of late years, but no work to which Professor Herford puts his editorial hand is superfluous. To learning he adds a genuine and a catholic love of letters, and knows how to render the results of the latest research interesting and serviceable to the average cultivated reader. "*The Eversley Shakespeare*" will be complete in ten volumes; will contain introductions to each play, and notes enough to "smooth the reader's path without insulting his intelligence." The editor has adopted an order of his own, the sequence of the plays

being ruled partly by chronology and partly by similarity of temper. No one who knows the admirable series in which this edition appears will need to be told that the comfort of readers has been well studied in the clear type and in the handy size of the volumes.

Mr. Reginald St. Barbe has such a supreme contempt for modern Spain that we wonder he took the trouble to write about it. True, his book is a very little one. The sketches of Spanish life are very few and very slight. All the rest is indiscriminate abuse. Doubtless Spain has her faults, and grave ones, but her condition is a little more complicated by virtues than Mr. St. Barbe supposes. The illustrations by Mr. Wall are poor enough, but they attain distinction in comparison with the text.

"Harriott Wicken" came of a diseased stock, and, according to Mrs. H. E. Dudeney's reading of the law of heredity, she ought not to have married. Her baby proved to be an idiot; she discovered the ghastly fact during the absence of her husband in South America. She substituted a healthy child for the unfortunate mite, and thus unknowingly plunged herself into a sea of troubles. The environment is more or less vulgar, more or less sordid, from first to last, with tragedy coming gradually ever nearer. Mrs. Dudeney succeeds in making things cheerless, but she does not stir the great feelings of pity and tenderness,

and not ballast to the book, and the rest of the work is spent on persons mean or tame or commonplace. Mingled with a reader's weariness will be some pain that so acute and able a writer as Mr. Howells should have wasted his time in this careful but quite inartistic presentation of dull folks.

Mr. Grant Allen's fancy is a sensitive plate, which takes impressions from the superficial life of the last quarter of an hour with extraordinary rapidity. Then, too, in the development of his pictures he is always up to time. The printing may be blurred—he never troubles about fine shades—but rough and ready snap-shots of the passing minute he will produce without limit of number. "*Miss Cayley's Adventures*," his latest book, is a series of presentations of the girl of the moment—an enterprising, practical, fearless, shrewd and frank young person—who goes out to meet the world alone with a good education, a fine physique, and half-a-crown in her pocket. He faces just as many of the realities of this young woman's career as suit his purpose. For the rest, his story is a wild romance, in which skilful bicycling and typewriting and high spirits lead to a brilliant and happy marriage. But Mr. Allen beckons to another audience than the one most likely to be interested in the advanced young woman of the hour. A forged will causes no end of worry, and gives opportunity for the heroine to exercise her quick wit as

an amateur detective. Crime, pursuit, and the defeat of villains supplement whatever could possibly have been wanting to make "*Miss Cayley's Adventures*" an exceedingly popular story. And for its good humour and its verve, as well as for Mr. Gordon Browne's pictures, the book well deserves success.

THE MARLBOROUGH GEMS.

For the second time, strangely enough, the Marlborough gems have been put up to auction at Christie's. The last occasion was in June 1875, when the famous collection was offered in one lot for £35,000. Sir William Agnew (then Mr. Agnew) at once offered the full amount in guineas, and as no other bidder appeared, the collection was knocked down to him. The real purchaser, however, was not Mr. Agnew, but Mr. David Bromlow, of Bitteswell Hall, Lutterworth. He is now dead, and the gems have again come into the market. The collection was the life-work of the third Duke of Marlborough, who went far and near seeking for these wonderful examples. Most of them belong to the centuries between the Augustine and the

end of the Antonine period. The best are of the reign of Hadrian. Of the six examples we publish, the first is a cameo head of Alexander the Great, wrought, probably, in the time of Caracalla or of Severus Alexander. It is a fine sardonyx, a clear white layer forming the base in relief upon a black ground. Our second reproduction is that of a superb head of Augustus wearing a radiate crown indicative of the deification of the Emperor. The Emperor's head is wrought in a porcelain white layer. The work belongs to the period of the early Empire. The third is a head of Claudius with the laurel crown and paludamentum. It is cut on a sardonyx, the flesh being rendered in a porcelain white layer. The wreath is in fine yellow. The work is believed to be contemporary—that is, about A.D. 50. The fourth is a superb head by Alessandro Caesati, which, although beardless, has been said to be that of Phocion, on account of its likeness to a well-known gem inscribed with the name of that general, and pronounced by Vasari to be the *ne plus ultra* of Caesati's art. The cameo is cut in an opaque white layer in relief on a reddish-brown base. It is mounted in a pierced and enamelled setting of rich floral design, in which the sunflower is conspicuous. The fifth cameo almost declares its subject even to the least erudite; the fight upon the broken bridge being sufficient to recall the exploit of Horatius, although it differs from Macaulay's popular description from the fact that here the hero is mounted. The proportions of the combatants are truly heroic, if compared to the size of the bridge. The cameo is upon an onyx. Our last example is a fine bust of Livia, the wife of Augustus, in character as Ceres, veiled. It is a cameo on a sardonyx in very high relief, and belonged formerly to the Arundel collection.

THE MARLBOROUGH GEMS.
THIS WEEK UNDER THE HAMMER.

because, to begin, she is not able to inspire conviction. The reader feels, in homely parlance, that the agony is too systematically "piled on" from the outside. We see the hand of the pessimistic lady novelist rather than the hand of destiny.

Miss Ninet's book on cookery should be a boon to small households. It is an attempt to break down the objections to varied and interesting meals on the score that these are uneconomical. She shows, on the contrary, that it is the average English housekeeper, by her prejudices and her dislike of trouble in such matters, who is wasteful. The recipes given are excellent, and calculated to cultivate sensitive palates wherever they are taken as a guide. The little book is sure to run into a second edition. In its next issue Miss Ninet should take the reader's ignorance still more for granted, and assume that in such matters as the temperature of the water in which food is cooked, they know nothing save what she tells them. It only wants such care of detail to make her little book, so varied in its information and so brightly written, perfect in its plan of reforming and stimulating our cooks and kitchens.

In "*Ragged Lady*" there is the usual carefulness of detail which Mr. Howells has accustomed us to in his later stories; but the care has been bestowed this time on poor material. Indeed, were it not for the name on the title-page, we should have guessed the author to be Mr. Stockton, the recent and temporarily, at least, degenerate Mr. Stockton, whose tales of the last few years have been very small beer indeed. In "*Ragged Lady*" there is a man with a troublesome conscience; but the conscience gives uneasiness

LADIES' PAGE.

It is no wonder that bazaars are the most successful ways of raising money, for if they are well managed they are bright and amusing events. The Charing Cross Hospital bazaar at the Albert Hall on June 21 and 22 was a brilliant festival.

A charming spot was the flower-stall, a Grecian temple in white and gold, erected in the middle of the hall.



POLONAISE OF SILK TRIMMED WITH VELVET AND LACE.

Large prices were asked and obtained—a red carnation for half-a-crown, a bunch of important-looking La France roses, half a dozen or so in number, for one guinea, and splendid clusters of orchids at five guineas—by the bevy of beautiful saleswomen, of whom the Duchess of Marlborough and Lady Mar and Kellie were among the most energetic.

At the "England" stall the national three colours were ordained, and might have been expected to be somewhat crude, but perfect taste presided over the mixture. The costumes worn were chiefly white, the red and blue being merely indicated. Here the Duchess of Portland presided, in an altogether admirable costume. The foundation of white satin was completely covered by an overdress of coarse-meshed fern net most elaborately embroidered all over with the new baby-ribbon work and lace stitches. Broad insertions of heavy rose guipure lace ran round the skirt, at three several depths. The blue was supplied by a scarf of chiffon that draped round under the lace yoke, forming puffed rosettes at either side of the bust, passed down the figure thence, and round the waist, to be caught into a diamond buckle at the back, and full to the hem of the dress. The red appeared in the form of a cluster of the Duchess's favourite Malmaison carnations in the belt; and the hat was black, with plumes. Others at this stall wore embroidered overdresses precisely the same as her Grace, but modified the red and blue to individual taste. The Duchess of Westminster, for instance, wore her red in the shape of a great cluster of roses. Among other ladies there were the Marchioness of Granby, Lady Algy Gordon-Lennox, and Georgina, Countess of Dudley.

Ireland's representatives were distinguished by "wearing of the green." The Countess Cadogan was the stall-holder, and wore an entirely green costume of silk gauze, turned back from a yoke of Irish point lace with revers of pale pink embroidered with apple-blossoms and pink roses, the revers edged with filmy Limerick lace. Most of those who assisted at this stall—a list that included the Duchess of Abercorn, Lady Londonderry, Lady Hamilton, Lady Waterford, Lady Rossmore, and Lady Iveagh—wore white with green trimmings; but Lady Londonderry adopted "St. Patrick's" colour.

Scotland's colours were taken from her emblem, the delicate mauve of the thistle-blossom and its silvery leaf being adapted to charming toilettes. The Duchess of Montrose presided, and wore a skirt of silvery grey moiré, with a blouse of white lace and mauve chiffon. The

Duchess of Sutherland assisted, in a dress most becoming to her beauty of mauve canvas trimmed with insertion of heavy white guipure, and a broad white straw hat with mauve flowers and white plumes. These were the most distinctive costumes worn with the exception of those at the German stall, which were scarlet and black. Uncompromising was the brilliant poppy red worn triumphantly by Mrs. Cornwallis West no less than by her beautiful daughters, Princess Henry of Prussia and Miss Cornwallis West.

"Bookland" bore volumes of price, whether for their binding, their rarity, or the inscriptions and autographs of famous authors. A complete set of Mr. George Meredith's works, each volume bearing the author's autograph, was soon sold for twenty-five guineas, and will probably prove a good investment to the purchaser. Zola and Pierre Loti had contributed to this section, as well as John Oliver Hobbes, Beatrice Harraden, Thomas Hardy, and many more. The presiding saleswoman was the Countess of Bective, in a tea-gown kind of costume. "Stage-land," under the management of Mrs. Tree, was surrounded by a crowd anxious to buy autographed photographs of theatrical favourites.

"India" had the assistance of the Marchioness of Lansdowne and the Marchioness of Dufferin—former Vice-royesses—who wore their beautiful "Orders of the Crown of India" set with pearls, rubies, and turquoises, and hung on blue ribbon. The stall costume was red, with "Star of India" blue, but most of the ladies wore either black or white lace and chiffon dresses trimmed only with the more brilliant colours.

Princess Louise of Lorne, who opened the bazaar on the first day, wore an entire dress of creamy lace, brightened by silver paillettes worked on the lace, and relieved by a vest of blue chiffon; her toque was of pale yellow tulle trimmed with bows of baby ribbon in black velvet. H.R.H. wore many jewels, notably a long string of fine pearls. The Duchess of Connaught, opening the affair on the second day, wore a lace dress over royal blue silk and a brown straw toque trimmed with blue tulle and orchids. With such patronage, the success of the bazaar was a foregone conclusion.

A very noticeable feature was the almost universal wearing of earrings. They are becoming to most faces, and many of us are glad to welcome them back. Diamond and pearl earrings are well worn in the daytime as well as at night; for the fashion of the moment is to wear fine jewels, and many of them, at all times. A visit to the Parisian Diamond Company is in place in this connection, for the very best and latest designs in earrings are to be seen at 143, Regent Street, 85, New Bond Street, or 43, Burlington Arcade. If you will venture on being in the foremost ranks of fashion, you cannot do better than invest in a pair of their "Neapolitan," or, as some people call them, "gipsy" earrings, for they are the *dernier cri*, and wonderfully becoming. The shape is a large ring set round its edges all the way with small but lustrous diamonds, leaving only unset the little piece of the circle that goes through the ear. This is quite the sort of thing to buy at the Parisian Diamond Company's, for it is the leading fashion just now, but three years hence it may be *démodé*, and what is the use of having to break up so elaborate an ornament to get at the real diamond? We can afford to wear the brilliant but not over-costly Parisian ornaments for their day, and then let them go, and nobody will know the difference while we wear them.

Let us now glance at our Illustrations. There is a smart polonaise of plain silk trimmed with an appliqué of lace and bands of the inevitable black ribbon velvet, worn over a white silk muslin under-dress. The hat is of white lace with black plumes. The lace polonaise on the figure showing us the excellent fit of her dress at the back is quite up-to-date. The under-dress is of silk, and braces and waist-belt are of black chiffon. White tulle toque trimmed with roses.

Messrs. Peter Robinson begin on July 3 that summer sale so affectionately looked forward to as an opportunity

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by all of us who appreciate style, quality, and the primary virtue of sale-time cheapness, all in one. A great house like this must needs clear out its stock at the end of a season. In this sale at Oxford Circus will be found several thousand yards of dainty and fashionable French printed lawns, too delicate to store away, reduced from their original price of two to three shillings a yard down to the absurd price of sixpence three-farthings. Shaped skirts are undergoing a heavy reduction, some that were £2 10s. coming down to 12s. 11d., and muslin



AN UP-TO-DATE TOILETTE OF LACE AND SILK.

frocks with lace and frillings all ready are reduced from a sovereign to exactly half that price. Model costumes are reduced in many cases by more than half, and are offered for far less than was paid for them in Paris. A remarkable bargain is a voile skirt actually made up over silk and trimmed with guipure and gathered ribbon with bodice material to match for 69s. 6d.; there are some of these in black and many colours. Two thousand silk shirts can be chosen from at the preposterous prices of from 5s. 11d. to 12s. 9d., and the smartest of silk and chiffon blouses for day and evening are to be cleared at much less than half their previous prices. As this great Oxford Circus house contains "everything for ladies' wear," it follows that in all departments there will be bargains to be found. The sale catalogue can be had by post on application.

Artistic furniture is often noted for its simplicity of design; beauty of form is not only not inseparable from elaboration, but is often in direct contradiction thereto. In an interesting essay written by the late eminent art critic Mr. Gleeson White, and printed in a new catalogue of "Simple Bed-room Furniture," just issued by Messrs. Heal and Son, of Tottenham Court Road, it is observed that "Simplicity is the final refuge of the complex. To be simple in decoration is to be always in good taste." The thesis is illustrated by the severely simple bed-room furniture that the firm who publish the little book are making a speciality of producing. For bed-room furniture is specially that in which simplicity is most universally allowed to be in the best taste. Even the suburban dame who overloads her drawing-room with draperies and bric-à-brac recognises that dust-traps in the shape of elaborate carvings and excitements in the shape of curly legged tables and spindly chairs are out of place in a room where restfulness of effect and hygiene are of primary consequence. Hence, Messrs. Heal have very successfully turned their attention to the production of cabinet-making of the severe and simple style for the bed-room, the excellent proportions of the articles and the burnished metal-work of the decorations giving the artistic *cachet* to the various articles; and having gained the high approval of artists and architects of standing, they are now adding new designs in the same taste. Most of the articles are made in good oak, in some cases pine-wood painted art green being preferred. I noticed particularly a chest of drawers in the latter style, the "holly green" relieved very engagingly by hand-holes and lines of vermilion. The booklet illustrating the style can be had on application to Messrs. Heal and Son, Tottenham Court Road.

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THE proprietors of THE TIMES have, within recent years, greatly extended the scope of that newspaper's operations. The impression of THE TIMES which appears at four o'clock in the morning is now followed not only by a second edition, published at half-past one in the afternoon, chiefly for circulation in the City; by THE MAIL, published three times a week, and by THE TIMES WEEKLY EDITION; but also by LITERATURE, a critical review which appears every Saturday.

The publication of occasional biographies, annual summaries, and other monographs, reprinted from the columns of THE TIMES, has been followed by the publication of a series of periodical law reports and digests of cases, as well as by the half-yearly "Issues," an account of newly organised public companies.

Four years ago THE TIMES ATLAS was published, to which THE TIMES GAZETTEER has recently been added. And in March 1898 THE TIMES reprint of the Encyclopædia Britannica (9th edition) was offered to the public. In the course of only one year, more than 18,000 copies—450,000 volumes—of this standard work have been sold by THE TIMES.

A NEW WORK OF REFERENCE.

The undertakings of THE TIMES are now further extended by the issue of THE CENTURY DICTIONARY, a word-book and fact-book combined, at once the most complete lexicon of the English language and the most convenient encyclopædic work of reference for the purpose of quickly arriving at isolated facts.

Peculiarly useful as a dictionary to the possessors of the Encyclopædia Britannica (which indeed contains not less than 10,000 words which no previous dictionary had defined) THE CENTURY DICTIONARY is also a most convenient adjunct to the Encyclopædia Britannica from another point of view. The exhaustive treatises in the Encyclopædia Britannica discuss groups of facts. They are the best monographs in the language, and the reader who has an hour's time to spend will always find in the Encyclopædia Britannica a clear and agreeably written account of any branch of art, science, or history which he desires to investigate.

FOR BUSY MEN AND WOMEN.

THE CENTURY DICTIONARY, on the other hand, divides the vast structure of knowledge into a greater number of compartments, enabling the reader to find, with the least loss of time, any one item of information at which he may desire to arrive; to examine, so to speak, the contents of any one pigeonhole without handling the papers in any other pigeonhole. The Encyclopædia Britannica invites the reader to contemplate broad gardens of knowledge, while THE CENTURY DICTIONARY presents to his hand whichever one of the individual flowers he happens at the moment to want.

Such is the relation between the two books, if THE CENTURY DICTIONARY be regarded as a fact-book.

As a word-book, it is incomparably the best dictionary in existence. The New English Dictionary will no doubt be of very great value, and especially to philologists; when it is completed ten years hence; but meantime, THE CENTURY DICTIONARY is the largest as well as the most comprehensive and beautifully illustrated lexicon of the English language. It completes, in the most admirable fashion, THE TIMES Library of Reference, and it will no doubt find its way to the shelves of every well-chosen library, however modest.

NOW, RATHER THAN LATER.

There is, however, in this connection, a very relevant question, as to the desirability of procuring the work as soon as possible. Book-buyers have learned by experience that most books are at first offered in an expensive form, and later in a cheaper guise at reduced prices. The novel published last year in three volumes at a guinea and a half may be had this year for six shillings; the book of travel which cost fifteen or eighteen shillings a few months ago is to be procured to-day, by those who waited patiently, for half the price. THE TIMES has, however, in its issue of the Encyclopædia Britannica, and of THE CENTURY DICTIONARY, broken away from this tradition. It offered the first few thousand copies of the

Encyclopædia Britannica at 20 per cent. less than the price at which many thousands of copies were subsequently sold. Those who promptly ordered their copies had the benefit of the minimum prices. They took the trouble to act as soon as the offer was made, and those who waited were compelled either to do without the work or to pay more for it.

THE SECRET OF THE BARGAIN.

In the case of THE CENTURY DICTIONARY, a limited edition was offered, a few weeks ago, for £13, in half Morocco binding, or thirteen monthly payments of one guinea each; little more than half the publishers' price. That price still obtains, and any reader who at once applies to THE TIMES for a copy of the work may benefit by this temporary arrangement. The best way to introduce a really good work of reference is to sell as quickly as possible, without regard to immediate profits, a limited edition of it; for, if the book

will speak for itself, every copy that finds its way to any house supplies a most eloquent and unanswerable advertisement. This is what is now being done with THE CENTURY DICTIONARY. But the price will be increased as soon as the remaining copies of this first edition have been exhausted, and there is now so little time to lose, that those who intend to procure the work at the present prices will do well to make immediate use of the order form.

A ROYAL ROAD.

The old saying that there is no royal road to learning is a wholesome maxim for nursery use. The first marches upon that laboured route must necessarily be difficult, for the power of rapid and accurate comprehension can only be acquired by vigorous preliminary discipline. The long way—league upon league of cube root, irregular verbs, and the catalogue of kings and queens—hardens the muscles once for all, and those who shirk in the shady by-paths never acquire a sturdy gait. When, however, the end of the broad high road is reached, the conditions of the journey are greatly altered. The professional man has his mountain to face: the distant summit to be attained by the few, the hill pastures of moderate success by the many. For all the rest of us further progress is not obligatory. If we read books worth reading, and read them intelligently, we get more out of life than if we confine our energies to the gaining or spending of money, but no very strong incentives impel us.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

In the course of the more or less desultory progress toward the position occupied by what one calls "well

informed" men and women, we are all at liberty to select our own itineraries. And good books of reference unquestionably offer us a royal road to this supplementary sort of learning. Once at the end of the prescribed route, there is no reason why we should not stray at will, and be the better for our little excursions, if only we pause to examine what we see about us. It is this habit of observing, of questioning, of verifying that we need to cultivate. But it is a habit which those who have completed the tasks of routine education are not likely to acquire, unless the way is made very smooth for them.

NEW WORDS AND NEW FACTS.

It is in this connection that THE CENTURY DICTIONARY may be fairly considered to provide a royal road to learning—to that sort of learning which enables us to think intelligently and to talk intelligently about the current topics of the day. The occurrence in one's newspaper of an unfamiliar word, the mention of an unknown substance or an unknown process, arouses in the average reader's mind enough of curiosity to make him turn to a work of reference if he knows that the information he desires will easily be found. But such casual invitations to the pursuit of knowledge are hardly strenuous enough to draw him among the bristling difficulties of special text-books. He will learn a little if he is not afraid of having to learn too much; he will spend five minutes very profitably if he is not afraid that he will be led to make too good a use of half an hour. With all the good will in the world one cannot learn everything there is to learn, and if, when we are confronted by any new fact,



PROFESSOR WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY.

Editor-in-Chief of THE CENTURY DICTIONARY, issued by THE TIMES, and author of the article "Philology" in the Encyclopædia Britannica.

we learn only enough about it to understand a paragraph in a newspaper, or a page in a review, we are at any rate a little better off than if we had remained in outer darkness.

CONCISE TREATMENT.

THE CENTURY DICTIONARY is, for the purpose of such casual reference, the most attractive and convenient book in the world. The vastness of its range, the wealth of its scholarship, are shown in the accumulation of a great number of the briefest possible expositions, and not in the heaping up of a monument of detail upon any one subject. The five hundred specialists

who made the book were men of the highest rank in their various departments of learning, but they showed their learning not by saying more about each subject than a less learned man could have said, but by saying less. The condensation of the encyclopædic definitions in THE CENTURY DICTIONARY is the result of an elaborate and painstaking effort to make statements as clear as possible with the least possible waste of the reader's time, and the result of all this labour offers itself to the public as a royal road to learning. The many letters which THE TIMES has received from purchasers of the work show how highly they appreciate what has been accomplished.

WHAT SOME EARLY PURCHASERS SAY ABOUT "THE CENTURY DICTIONARY," THE NEW WORK ISSUED BY **The Times**

THERE have been published, in the columns of THE TIMES, since its issue of THE CENTURY DICTIONARY was first announced on May 8, more than a hundred letters from purchasers of THE CENTURY DICTIONARY. It is impossible to reproduce them all in the limited space of this one advertisement, but a few representative letters from different classes of subscribers will show how general is the usefulness of the work.

These letters are not empty compliments. They are written by people who sent money to THE TIMES, expecting to receive from THE TIMES full money's worth. The point of view from which they regard the volumes of THE CENTURY DICTIONARY is not an indulgent one. When they unpack the volumes they are quite prepared to find fault if there is fault to be found. There is none. They see that they made a good bargain; that they got even more for their money than they had hoped to get.

Such letters as these show, too, how the public use THE CENTURY DICTIONARY, and what they find in it. The opinions of the critics who review books for newspapers and magazines are necessarily the opinions of specialists. A work of reference may be of the utmost interest to them, and yet not be less directly adapted to the needs of the general reader.

Here we have the direct expression of the possessor's judgment upon the work—the opinion of the man who bought it to use, and finds it useful.

From a Privy Councillor.

54, Portland Place, London, W.

THE CENTURY DICTIONARY is a masterpiece of condensation. An examination of it fills me with a strong sense of the care bestowed to insure accuracy. It is a work of exceptional value and utility, which I find most helpful in many ways.

(Signed) JAMES BRYCE.

From a Professor of Chemistry.

The Laboratory, 23, Easton Buildings, N.W.

I consider THE CENTURY DICTIONARY a marvel of scholarship, of philological research, of fullness of definition and illustration. In these respects, in its completeness, and in its explanatory quotations, it far surpasses anything hitherto undertaken in our language. What has particularly struck me to find, in a general dictionary, is the vast number of scientific and technical words, and the fullness and accuracy of their definition.

In short, THE CENTURY DICTIONARY is a necessary and most worthy adjunct to the Encyclopædia Britannica.

(Signed) CHARLES GRAHAM,

May 26, 1899. Professor of Chemical Technology.

From a Physician.

Melrose House, Ryde, I. of Wight.

THE CENTURY DICTIONARY is quite perfect.

(Signed) ALEXANDER G. DAVEY, M.D.

May 22, 1899.

From a Barrister.

11, New Square, Lincoln's Inn.

I have carefully examined and tested my copy of THE CENTURY DICTIONARY and am satisfied. It supplies a want I have long felt. As a barrister, it is frequently my duty to reduce into accurate language instructions conveyed in general terms, and sometimes embracing unfamiliar words connected with some science or manufacture, and which would not be found in an ordinary dictionary. I have always found the information I have sought conveyed in language lucid and accurate, though condensed—illustrated in many cases by beautifully executed cuts.

(Signed) EDWARD BRODIE COOPER.

May 25, 1899.

From a Solicitor.

6 and 7, King William Street, E.C.

I have had the Dictionary for only a few days, but I already value it very highly. I frequently have to draw up agreements which demand minute accuracy of language. In this connection THE CENTURY DICTIONARY is of the greatest service, and I think that if Solicitors having a general business in the City knew how useful it was, they would all have the book in their offices.

May 29, 1899. (Signed) CHARLES M. TREVOR.

From a Statesman.

7, Cromwell Gardens, S.W.

I am glad to express the opinion that THE CENTURY DICTIONARY appears to be a monument of skilled and well-directed industry, and an exceedingly useful and valuable addition to a library—in fact, a work which is fully worthy of publication by THE TIMES.

(Signed) WM. DES VOEUX [Bart., G.C.M.G.]

June 3, 1899.

From an Engineer.

Edinburgh and Leith Corporations Gas Comms.
Chief Engineer and Manager's Office,
New Street Works, Edinburgh.

I have already devoted some time to a perusal of THE CENTURY DICTIONARY, particularly with regard to its scientific and practical definitions of subjects appertaining to Civil and Mechanical Engineering. I am pleased to find full definitions of terms, sufficient to satisfy the most exacting Experts upon the particular subjects in question, and such as I have never found elsewhere in kindred publications.

The great charm of the work to me is the fact of being able to place the fullest confidence in its dicta, as absolute and beyond question, and its easy acquisition by the means you have provided demands that all professional men whose sayings and doings in any way become public should be in possession of such an indispensable addition to their technical library.

(Signed) W. R. HERRING,

May 22, 1899. Chief Engineer and Manager.

From a Railway Manager.

Great Eastern Railway, General Manager's Office,
Liverpool Street Station, London

I have received my copy of THE CENTURY DICTIONARY, and regard it as a most valuable addition to anyone's library. I have had occasion more than once to refer to it, and each time have found with the greatest ease what I sought.

The particulars given regarding railways, their appliances, &c., are to me, as they will be to all railway men, most interesting.

The two copies which were ordered by my Directors—one for the Great Eastern Library at this station, and the other for the Great Eastern Mechanics' Institute, Stratford—are highly appreciated.

May 24, 1899. (Signed) [SIR] WM. BIRT.

From a Soldier.

Moncrieffe, Bridge of Earn, N.B.

The information afforded is most varied, and deals with words and terms which embrace, I am sure, all that are ever used in the English language.

The derivations are very learnedly worked out, and must have entailed an enormous amount of labour and the services of very eminent savants.

The paper and type are of the very best, and I am most particularly struck with the excellence and beauty of the innumerable illustrations.

(Signed) [SIR] ROBERT MONCRIEFFE.

May 24, 1899.

From a Surveyor.

Pinner House, Pinner, Middlesex.

I am very much pleased with THE CENTURY DICTIONARY you sent me, and although I have only had it a short time, I have found it very useful as a book of reference in my professional work.

Its description of machinery and architecture is most explicit; and I should have no hesitation in recommending it to anyone I know desirous of purchasing a comprehensive work of this kind.

May 24, 1899. (Signed) C. A. WOODBRIDGE.

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Dublin Review.—"Not only 'The Century Dictionary,' but the dictionary of the Century."

Glasgow Herald.—"Combines, in the highest degree, the qualities of thoroughness and accuracy."

The Speaker.—"The most practical and most business-like 'Lexicon of the English language' that exists."

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The Manchester Guardian.—"The greatest work of the kind yet achieved."

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SPECIMEN PAGES.—A richly illustrated pamphlet containing specimen pages from THE CENTURY DICTIONARY may be had gratis and post free, upon application to the Manager of THE TIMES. This pamphlet also contains extracts from a number of newspapers, and from these the reader may see for himself how hearty and how general has been the enthusiasm with which the production of this marvellous work was received by the Press.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 19, 1894), with two codicils (dated Dec. 2, 1895, and December, 1898), of Mrs. Marie Magdalene Pauline Satow, of 27, Clifton Crescent, Folkestone, who died on April 11 at San Remo, has been proved by Arthur John Allen and Edward Percy Holland, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £204,642. The testatrix gives £1000 to her son-in-law, William Ellis Hume Williams; £1000 to her sister, Louise Pantenus, and £500 between her children; £500 each to her godson, Roy Ellis Hume Williams, her nephew, Harry Satow, and Wilhelm Pantenus; £500 to the Folkestone Victoria Hospital; the income of £1000 to her niece, Lucy von Wilim, for life; £200 each to her executors; and legacies to servants and others. The residue of her property she leaves to her four children—Fedor Andrew Satow, Lucy Annette Hume Williams, Bertha Mabel Mildmay, and Eva Theodora Anna Satow; her son and daughter Eva to bring into account £10,000 each.

The will (dated March 24, 1899) of Sir John Robert Mowbray, Bart., M.P., of Warren's Wood, Mortimer, Berks, and 47, Onslow Gardens, who died on April 22, in his eighty-fourth year, was proved on June 16 by Sir Robert Gray Cornish Mowbray, Bart., and the Rev. Edmund George Lionel Mowbray, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £188,128. The testator gives £8000 to his daughter Edith Marian Mowbray; £6000 each to his son Edmund George Lionel Mowbray and his daughter Mrs. Annie Maud Crutwell; such a sum as will produce £400 per annum, upon trust, for his son Reginald Ambrose Mowbray, for life, and then to his other four children; £300 each to his grandchildren, George Henry Wilson Crutwell, Edward Clement Crutwell, Charles Robert Mowbray Fraser Crutwell, and Edith Maud Crutwell; and £200 to his butler, Edwin Harrison. He appoints certain trust funds under his marriage settlement and the will of his mother to his younger children. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Robert Gray Cornish.

The will (dated June 15, 1898), with a codicil (dated April 25, 1899), of Mr. Tom Nickalls, of Paterson Court, Nutfield, and of the Stock Exchange, who died on May 10, was proved on June 20 by Mrs. Emily Nickalls, the widow, Guy Nickalls, the son, and Alexander Travers Hawes, the executors, the value of the estate being £141,219, and the net personality £82,331. The testator gives £5000, his furniture and household effects, carriages and horses, and the income of £30,000 to his wife; £4000 to his son Norman, having already given him £16,000; his house called Lone Oak, Redhill, and £8000 to his son Hugh; £2000 to his son Guy, in addition to £8000 given him in his lifetime; £10,000 to his son Vivian; £500 to his daughter Mrs. Florence Grohmann, in addition to £10,000 settled on her on her marriage; £3000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Mrs. Nina Simpson, Grace, Beatrice, Maud, Clare, and Una; and £100 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life. At her decease he bequeaths £20,000 to his son Norman; £13,500 each to his sons Hugh, Guy, and Vivian; £5000

each, upon trust, for his daughters; and the ultimate residue between all his children.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Perthshire, of the will (dated Oct. 18, 1893) of William David, fourth Earl of Mansfield, of Scone Palace, N.B., and Kenwood House, Hampstead, who died on Aug. 2 last, granted to his grandson, William David, fifth Earl of Mansfield, the executor nominate, was resealed in London on June 19, the value of the estate being £137,242.

The will (dated June 30, 1893), with a codicil (dated June 20, 1894), of Mr. George Andrew Spottiswoode, of 3, Calogian Square, and of Messrs. Spottiswoode, New Street Square, Fetter Lane, Parliamentary printers, who died on Feb. 8, was proved on June 15 by Mrs. Frances Grace Spottiswoode, the widow, the value of the estate being £104,601. The testator gives £5000, the income of his share in the Stationers' Company, and his household furniture, jewels, carriages, and horses to his wife; £1000, upon trust, for his daughter Theodora; £500 each to his daughters, Mabel, Elizabeth, Mary, and Margaret Eleanor; £500 to his son John; £250 each to his sisters, Rosa and Augusta Spottiswoode; £250 each to his nephews, William Hugh Spottiswoode and Cyril Andrew Spottiswoode; and £250 for distribution among the clerks and others in the employ of his firm. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then in equal shares for his children.

The will (dated May 24, 1898) of Mr. Sampson Samuel Lloyd, J.P., D.L., of The Priory, Warwick, who died on April 15, was proved on June 15 by Thomas Owen Lloyd, the son, Arthur Llewellyn Lloyd, the brother, and Arthur Wenham, the surviving executors, the value of the estate being £100,962. The testator gives £1500 in Lloyd and Lloyd, Limited, each to his sons Thomas Owen and George Ambrose; £1000 each to his daughters Emma Gwendolen Priscilla, Eva Janet Emelia, and Emelia Lloyd; and the residue of his property to his children, in such shares as his wife shall appoint, and in default thereof in equal shares. Provision is made for his wife, but it would appear that she predeceased her husband.

The will (dated Nov. 26, 1897), with a codicil (dated April 2, 1899), of Mr. Herbert Lloyd, of Coombe Farm, near Croydon, one of the members of the newspaper firm of Lloyds, Limited, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, who died at Falmouth on May 12, was proved on June 17 by Arthur Lloyd, the brother, and Charles Reginald Stronghill, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £103,962, and the net personality £90,802. The testator gives £10,000 to the Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Fund; £2000 to the Newspaper Press Fund; and £1000 each to the News-vendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution, the Morley House Convalescent Home (Dover), the Stationers' and Paper Manufacturers' Provident Society, and the Printers' Pension Corporation. He further gives £1000, his furniture, plate, pictures, and household effects, and £3000 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Christina Mabel Lloyd; £2000 to his cousin Charles Edward

Lloyd; £1500 to Emily Lloyd, the widow of his cousin Thomas Franklin Lloyd; £2500 each to his wife's sisters, Dora Evans and Clara Evans; £1000 to Henrietta Evans; £2000 each to Thomas Catling and Alfred Henry Hance; £2000 to Thomas Edward Denson; £1000 to Charles Reginald Stronghill and S. W. Cartwright; such a sum as will produce £500 per annum, upon trust, for his wife's niece, Dorothy Evans, for life, and then for her children; £250 per annum to Eliza Parker for life; £500 each to Minnie Jackson and Dr. Peter Duncan, of Croydon; £1000 each to Henry Martyn Cadman Jones and Alexander A. Grant; and numerous legacies to persons in his employ and servants. The residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, for his child.

The will (dated Aug. 1, 1892) of Lady Mary Agnes Blanche Gordon, of Northcourt, Isle of Wight, widow of Sir Henry Percy Gordon, Bart., who died on April 22, was proved on June 15 by Mrs. Mary Charlotte Julia Leith, the daughter, and Alexander Henry Leith, the grandson, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £83,216. The testatrix gives £10,000 to her grandson Alexander Henry Leith; her furniture, pictures, plate, and jewels to her daughter; £100 to her niece Charlotte Jane Swinburne; £500 each to her grandchildren, Robert Thomas Disney Leith, Mary Ievina Leith, Maria Alice Leith, Edith Leith, and Elizabeth Leith; £200 each to her sister, Lady Eleanor Wodehouse, and her sons Francis and Thomas; £300 to her niece Mary Elizabeth Ransome; £300 each to her niece Lady Margaret Bickersteth and her husband, John Joseph Bickersteth; and legacies to persons in her service. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her daughter for life, and at her decease to her children in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 9, 1897) of Mrs. Sarah Ellen Pyne, of North Royston, Hertford, widow, who died on May 4, was proved on June 13 by William Eaden Lilley and John Edward Thurnall, the executors, the value of the estate being £76,058 17s. 7d. The testatrix gives £1000 and the income, for life, of £3000 to her niece Ellen Lilley Wesley, and at her decease to the children of Amanda Tompson; £1000 to the Rev. Joseph Harrison, Vicar of Royston; £1000 between George Cantherley and his unmarried sisters; £1000 to the children of William Patterson; £1000 each to Harry Joseph Thurnall, John Edward Thurnall, and Edith Mary Thurnall; £3000 each to her nieces Jane Wyman, Alice Wyman, and Amanda Tompson; £3000 each to her nephews Edward, Henry, Lewis Robert, and Ernest George Wesley; and a few other gifts to servants and others. She devises her premises, 263, High Holborn, to Benjamin Thompson Pyne, Richard Morland Pyne, Robert Bernard Pyne, and Mary Pyne as tenants in common. The residue of her property she leaves for such charitable purposes as she shall by any codicil to her will appoint, but she does not appear to have left any codicil.

The will and codicil of Lieutenant-Colonel Gerard Vivian Ames, of Ayot St. Lawrence, Hertford, late of the 1st Royal Dragoons, who died on April 27, were proved on June 8 by Colonel Arthur Maurice Blake and George Oakley, the executors, the value of the estate being £6810.

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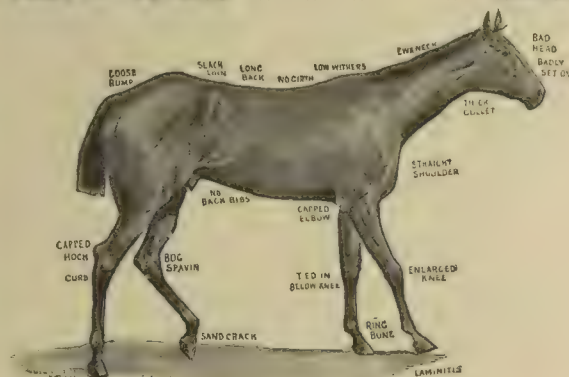
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ART NOTES.

There is a certain "uncanniness" about so much of Mr. Mortimer Menpes' work that an exhibition of "Beautiful Women" from his brush cannot fail to attract attention. At the Dowdeswell Galleries he has brought together upwards of a hundred specimens of his handiwork in oils, water-colours, and pencil, rendered doubly interesting to many by the thin veil thrown over the names of the originals. Mrs. B—P—, the Duchess of S—, Miss P—P—, Lady D—N—, are initials under which such excellent portraits cannot be concealed. Mr. Menpes has on several previous occasions given proof of his versatile talents, and he has long since discarded the methods of painting by which he first endeavoured to arrest public attention. His more recent style, without losing anything of the fineness of his earlier work, shows a strength and assurance which cannot but meet with their reward. He can paint almost as effectively in various tones of one colour as in the strong contrasts of half-a-dozen. In fact, the dozen types of beauty, Nos. 65 to 77, are perhaps the most successful in the whole exhibition, for the ripeness of their colouring is a pleasant though abrupt breaking with popular prejudices. In the collection of miniatures, Nos. 23 to 33, Mr. Menpes returns with good effect to the engraved and coloured ivory work of which he gave us some specimens a year or two ago. The three small but highly finished works, "Juliet," "Corday," and "Of the Georgian Period," are obviously three studies of the same face under costumes of different periods, and it is interesting to see how really slight the disguise becomes if closely inspected. The portraits of Mr. Arthur Balfour and Sir Henry Irving go beyond the limit which Mr. Menpes seems to have assigned to himself when painting ladies' faces, for in the two cases mentioned there is a distinct intention, fairly realised, of portraying the character as well as the features of two prominent personages.

While Mr. Menpes paints in miniature, M. Benjamin-Constant goes almost to the other extreme, and stamps

upon each face an individuality seldom respected by portrait-painters. One-and-twenty of his portraits are now to be seen at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, and without effort they might pass for the works of as many painters, supposing all possessed of talent equal to that of M. Constant. This is the more remarkable as the artist for years pursued a very different line, and in it attained great distinction. His abandonment of his position as an "Orientalist" to become a portraitist was a surprise to all his friends, but his brilliant career fully justified this change of direction. It is impossible not to be struck with the freshness and vivacity of such a portrait as that of Madame Reichenbach, the incisiveness of M. Paul David, and the solid truthfulness of that of Sir William Ingram. In open defiance of the portrait-painters who avoid half the difficulties of their art by placing their sitters in semi-obscure, M. Constant paints consistently in full light, and faces manfully the difficulties of flesh-painting. It is no question with him of "blindman's buff," but an honest effort to cope with the problem and its successful solution. Such portraits as those of the Duchess Paul of Mecklenburg, Princess Radziwill, and Madame Bernard, of his son, and of M. André, are essentially different in treatment, the only trait in common between them being M. Constant's talents. Every portrait-painter we have in this country, male or female, should see this collection and endeavour to draw from it the reason of M. Benjamin-Constant's masterfulness, as well as an insight into his methods.

In view of the abiding popularity of pictures dealing with the Holy Land, it is surprising how few of our competent artists devote time and trouble to depicting it. Those who have attempted the task have too often failed by substituting sentiment for accuracy, ignoring the real wants of the purchasing public. Mr. H. A. Harper, who has passed the greater portion of his life in Palestine, seems to be aware of the popular want, and does his best to satisfy it. He has already had more than one exhibition in this country, and the present

collection of a hundred water-colour sketches at the Fine Art Society's Gallery shows that there are still many spots and points of view hitherto untouched by sketchers. Mr. Harper for more than a quarter of a century has been attached to the Palestine Exploration Committee, and has made the Holy Land his home. He paints in a simple, direct fashion, without straining after sentiment or effect. He certainly gives one a far brighter and gayer idea of the country which so many travellers have represented as a stony desert. This view is possibly true when the early summer heats have dried up the verdure and caused the flowers to fade; but the valley of Hinnom, the slopes of Mount Carmel, the plain of Sharon, and the shores of Galilee are to those who have eyes to see very beautiful in early spring. Mr. Harper, moreover, introduces to us the most recent discoveries of his Committee—the Port of Bethesda, Skull Hill, the Tomb of Lazarus at Bethany. These and the "Khan" on the road to Jericho, the traditional site of the Good Samaritan's deed, are among the most interesting. Mr. Harper paints brightly, and, one may say, emphatically, but without pretentiousness or effort to convey more than the actual spot suggests to ordinary eyes. As every spot is rich in memories of all that clings most closely to our hearts, such a collection of drawings cannot fail to be attractive, irrespective of the special merits of the artist.

At the Modern Gallery (175, New Bond Street) Mr. Hal Hurst appeals to a very different class of patrons, chiefly to those who seek to decorate their rooms with sketches of modern life. If at first sight these seem in a large degree inspired by *la vie demi-mondaine*, the fault, if it be so considered, must be sought in popular taste. Mr. Hurst doubtless knows the prevailing fashion in boudoir art, and hastens to satisfy its requirements. He has a bright and often fanciful touch, a delicate sense of colour, and at times also gives evidence that he has sympathies with a life which lies outside the frivolities and eccentricities of the London season or the Dolly Dialogues.

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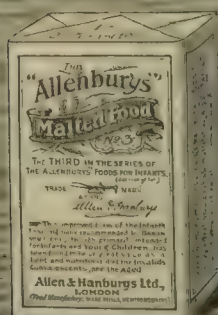
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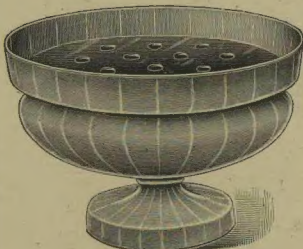
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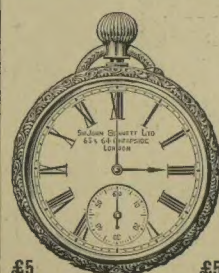
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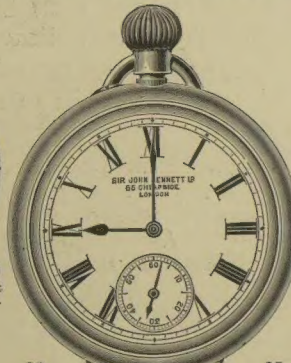
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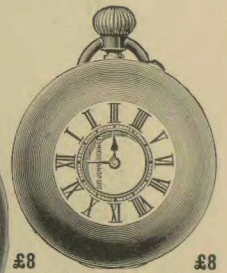
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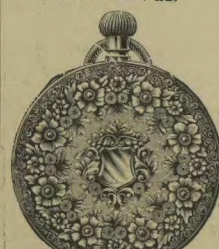
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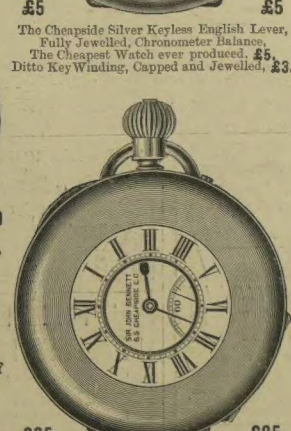
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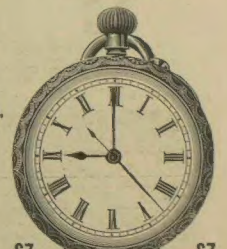
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FOR HOLIDAY TRAVELLERS.

Between July and September the London and North Western Railway will run a new corridor express between Euston and Edinburgh and Glasgow, leaving at 11.30 a.m. and reaching Edinburgh at 7.55, the Glasgow portion arriving at the same hour. The 10 a.m. Glasgow and 10.15 Edinburgh express will be united at Crewe. During July and August a new express, with sleeping-cars, will leave Euston at 7.45 for Scotland, in connection with Perth and the Highland line. Passengers for stations on the Highland line at which the 7.45 p.m. from Euston does not call, will find the 11.50 p.m. from Euston the most convenient night train from London.

During July cheap day-excursion trains on Saturdays, Sundays, and Mondays will be run by the South Eastern and London, Chatham, and Dover Railways to Canterbury, St. Leonards, Folkestone, Margate, Ramsgate, etc. There will also be special cheap tickets every week-day to Hastings and St. Leonards.

To-day the Great Northern Railway Company introduce many important alterations and additions to their train-service. Among these, an additional first and third class corridor dining-car express will leave King's Cross at 11.20 a.m. for Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, etc. The 8.15 p.m. special Scotch sleeping-car express from King's Cross will run on Sundays as well as on week-days. The 10 a.m. day Scotch express will consist of first and third class corridor

carriages of the most improved type, and will convey passengers to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, etc. The 2.20 p.m. first and third class corridor dining-car express will convey passengers for York, Newcastle, and Edinburgh. In connection with the Norway service, a special boat express, with third class luncheon-car attached, will be run from King's Cross to Hull at 10.55 a.m. on each Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, until Aug. 19 inclusive; and from Hull to King's Cross at 9.15 a.m. each Monday until Sept. 25 inclusive.

A new express train service for July is announced by the London and South Western Railway between London, Bournemouth, Swanage, and Weymouth. By this service Bournemouth may be reached in two hours five minutes, Swanage in three hours, and Weymouth in three hours five minutes. There are also new expresses to and from Salisbury and Exeter. From July 15 onwards, express service will be run from Waterloo in connection with the daylight boat to the Channel Islands.

Boating enthusiasts who are looking forward to the delights of Henley Regatta may be interested to know that the Great Western Railway will run a special fast service from Paddington on July 5, 6, and 7. On July 8 and 10 through special trains will leave Henley for Paddington, Maidenhead, Slough, and Windsor.

Nothing can be pleasanter at this season than a trip on one of the steamers of the New Palace Steamers Company,

Limited. The season which opened so successfully for sailings to Margate and Ramsgate has now seen its development in the first trip of *La Marguerite* to Bonlogne and back in a day. This steamer now runs daily, Thursdays and Fridays excepted. On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays the route is to Margate, Boulogne, and back; on Tuesdays to Margate and Ostend and back. There are excellent train connections with Tilbury and Southend via St. Pancras and Fenchurch Street. Of the other steamers of the fleet, the *Royal Sovereign* runs daily to Margate and Ramsgate and back, and the *Koh-i-Noor* makes the return trip to Southend and Margate. From to-day *La Belgique* makes her three runs a week to Ostend.

Within measurable distance of the shooting season, a timely "Catalogue of Guns" is issued by Mr. G. E. Lewis, 32, Lower Loveday Street, Birmingham. It is a remarkably complete catalogue, such as should be serviceable to sportsmen.

Building operations have commenced at New Cross on the site of the works of Aspinall's Enamel, Limited, which were totally destroyed by fire some time ago. The new buildings, which are extensive, will probably be completed by the end of November next. The architect who is responsible for the designs is Mr. Max Clark, of Queen's Square, and the contractors are Messrs. S. W. Whitehead and Co., Limited, Portland Works, S.W.


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FEBRUARY, 22nd 1896 As Follows

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Signed
James Bernhardt

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IS NOT A DYE, BUT THE GENUINE RESTORER.
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

It is understood that the Attorney-General of Lagos has stopped the prosecution against Bishop Tugwell. It is suggested, however, that the Bishop Tugwell Fund should still go on as a mark of confidence in the Bishop and for the aid of his work. It may be said that the Bishop's statement was as follows: "Of the deaths which occur among Europeans on the coast, probably seventy-five per cent. are to be attributed to habits of drinking at all hours of the day, and drunkenness; these habits being directly fostered and encouraged by the cheap rate at which spirits can be purchased."

It is now understood that the decision of the Archbishop of Canterbury in regard to the cases brought before him at the recent Lambeth hearings will be given before Reservation is argued.

The aged Bishop of Liverpool has been more successful than most of his brethren in solving the financial problem of his diocese. The committee of the Bishop of Liverpool's Sustentation Fund have announced that they are enabled

this year to raise the stipend of the vicars of large parishes to £300 a year, and of small parishes to £280 a year. As things are, this is by no means unsatisfactory.

The Liverpool Laymen's League and the Church Association are both actively engaged in the Oldham election, and the Protestant question will be kept prominently before the constituency.

Professor Margoliouth, of Oxford, has recently published a remarkable pamphlet and some more remarkable letters on the Higher Criticism. He maintains that the recently discovered fragments of the Hebrew Ecclesiastics have been misdated by 1300 years. He draws the inference that Biblical criticism has collapsed. He says that if the Higher Critic has misdated a Hebrew document by 1300 years, when he accuses Christ of misdating he is insulting the court. For it is evident that if the Higher Critic is so bad at dating a Hebrew document himself, he had best speak with more respect of those who had far better opportunities than he of learning their true dates. "I am convinced that with this argument I could win Christ's

case against the Higher Critics in any law court, and the only arguments that should ever be advanced in His cause are such as will win the case before any jury that is neither intimidated nor bribed. And if I plead on this occasion with courage and industry perhaps I may be honoured with a brief for Him again."

The Rev. W. Frank Shaw, of St. Andrew's, Huddersfield, the compiler of many well-known theological manuals, has received the degree of D.D. from the University of Cambridge.

The Rev. J. G. Tylee, who has worked at Richmond for many years, has accepted the living of St. Alphege, Southwark, often spoken of as the "costers' church."

Mr. Thomas Spencer, of The Grove, Ryton, has offered to place in the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners the sum of £10,000 for the endowment of a second canonry in Newcastle Cathedral so soon as the endowment of the first canonry, to be attached to the vicarage of Newcastle, is completed. Rather less than £4000 is required for this purpose.

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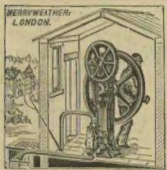
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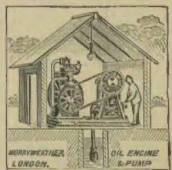
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Pills.

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A mere purgative is insufficient and of temporary assistance only. The Liver must be "touched." Carter's Little Liver Pills act directly upon the Liver; Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the secretion of bile. They do not grip.

A normal Liver means a bright eye, clear complexion, good appetite and digestion, strong nerves, energy, and a light heart—in a word, HEALTH.

Take care of your health; the ill effects of excess can be avoided by a little forethought.

Remember at bedtime—Carter's Little Liver Pills: dose, One at night, but the first night take three. 1s. 10d., 40 in a phial. Of all chemists, BUT BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S.

They "Touch" the Liver.
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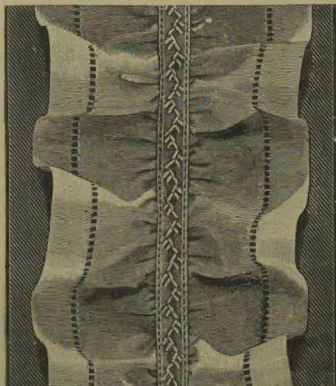
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